

**HUTCHINSON'S
RECITATIONS
AND
DIALOGUES.**

RODOLPHE HUTCHINSON.

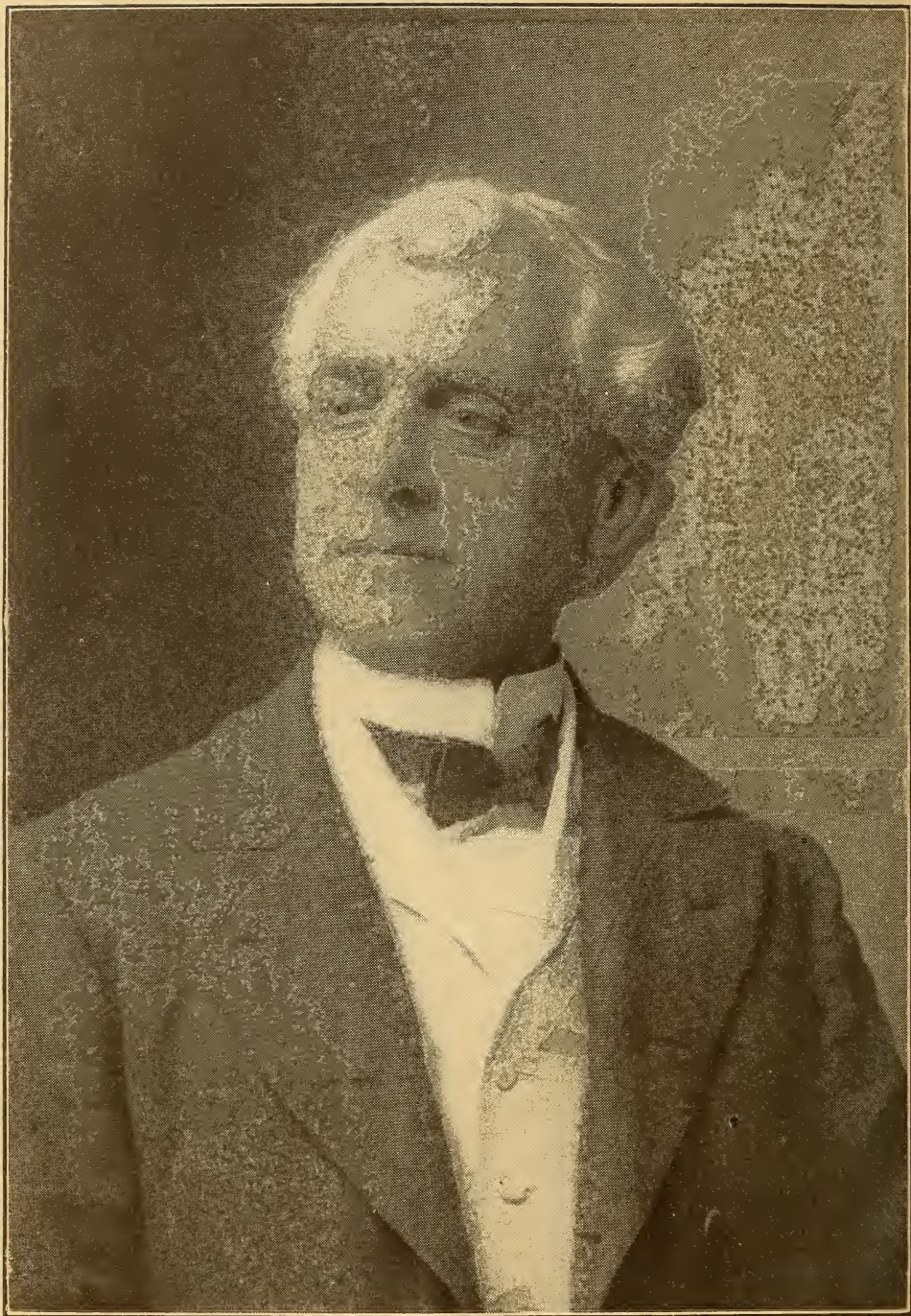


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RODOLPHE HUTCHINSON.

HUTCHINSON'S ORIGINAL RECITATIONS, SPEECHES, AND DIALOGUES.

COMPRISES

FORTY-NINE NEW SELECTIONS, IN PROSE AND VERSE :
SERIOUS, COMIC, AND PATHETIC ; TOGETHER WITH A
VARIETY OF VERY LAUGHABLE NUMBERS IN
FRENCH, GERMAN, IRISH, NEGRO AND
YANKEE DIALECTS, EXPRESSLY
ADAPTED FOR THE PLAT-
FORM AND THE STAGE.

BY

RODOLPHE HUTCHINSON.

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RODOLPHE HUTCHINSON.

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RODOLPHE HUTCHINSON.

Author and Publisher,

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Ms. A. C. 9.2.50, 1911.

Dedication.

This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated to
My Wife,
Maria Allen Burnett Hutchinson.

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LIFE SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

The author of these selections, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this book, was born at La Grange, near Bustleton, Pennsylvania, August 21, 1847. At the early age of fourteen years he was an apprentice in the designing and engraving department of the Lackawanna Calico Print Works, located at Frankford, Philadelphia.

The advent of the War of the Rebellion, which eventually closed the factory doors, caused him, later on, to seek for a vocation which he thought might be more in keeping with his tastes and desires.

The love for literature, composition, and the drama had been acquired, and already the ambitious youth had gained some reputation as a local writer and amateur actor. The glare of the footlights and sock and buskin now had an infatuation for him which he found impossible to resist, and after many discouragements and flat refusals from managers he at length made his first professional appearance upon the stage at the American Theater, at Eighth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, then under the management of Fox & Earnshaw. Miss Kate Fisher was the star of the occasion, and

the part enacted by the young aspirant for dramatic honors was that of ambassador, in "The Cataract of the Ganges." It was at this house that Charles Barras, who was about presenting "The Black Crook," gave him his first dramatic impulse in the profession, by casting him for the important part of Rodolphe. It was during this spectacular production that this theater was totally destroyed by fire, and the unfortunate young actor was again compelled to seek for employment elsewhere.

Following this calamity, Mr. Hutchinson retired temporarily from the stage, again sought his former occupation, and eventually finished the term of his apprenticeship at the American Print Works, Fall River. The sedentary habits required by this servitude were not congenial to his tastes, and shortly afterward he was a sojourner on the Pacific Slope, in search of fame and fortune.

On his return to Philadelphia, at the age of 23 years, his efforts to connect himself with the literary and theatrical circles were marked and enthusiastic; plays, dramatic correspondence, and various writings for local papers were indulged in, together with platform entertainments and theatrical productions, in which he figured prominently, and frequently in a managerial capacity.

We find him subsequently filling successful engagements in the leading theaters of his native city, among which may be mentioned the Arch Street Theater, under the management of Mrs. John

Drew, and the Ninth and Arch Street Theater, well known as Wood's Museum, where he played for two seasons. Having received a tempting offer from the Vegiard Bros., he traveled in New Jersey, New York, and the New England States, enacting leading parts in the production of military dramas for the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the years that followed Mr. Hutchinson devoted himself chiefly to his vocation as a skilled tradesman, utilizing his spare moments in literary work, dramatic readings, and the production of his plays in various sections of the country.

Some of his plays are as follows: "Strife, or the Female Spy," a military drama of the Civil War; "Ostler Joe," from the poem of that name by Geo. R. Sims; "The Fire King," written in the interest of the fire department; "Called Down," high and low life in New York; "Our Nan," a spirited Yankee comedy; "Down in Dixie," a drama of the South; and many other full acting plays.

His success as an actor and entertainer was probably due to his advantages of natural ability and early training from such recognized masters as Professor Shoemaker, founder of the School of Oratory, and Madame White, of Girard College, both of Philadelphia; also the practical results to be derived from the instruction of such lights of the dramatic art as Mr. J. B. Roberts, tragedian, Mrs. John Drew, Manager Hahn, Charles P. Morton, and others, besides his personal relations with such stars as Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, John MacCul-

lough, and other great exponents of the stage art, upon whom the curtain has descended forever.

Mr. Hutchinson has for many years been a critic for dramatic papers, and was latterly a correspondent of the New York *Dramatic Mirror*.

Although his work was suddenly cut short four years ago by total blindness, he has found a strong friend in the typewriter, and hopes by this means to place a portion, at least, of his four hundred pounds of unpublished literary matter upon the market.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

The power of oratory is manifestly the most exalted of all accomplishments. Probably no races of people have done more to bring this beautiful art to a high standard of excellence and practical usefulness than the Greeks and Romans. Their teachings, as recorded in their works, afford the best examples for the academies of modern times. In the singleness of their purpose they sought perfection, and to this end they devoted their best energies and lives. The entire field of oratory was not grasped, let alone thought of, by a single master, in respect to the training of pupils, in the ancient school. The several parts of speech, which may be said to have an intimate relation with the power of vocal delivery, were divided and sub-divided, at the head of which divisions or sub-divisions a master of recognized ability ruled with an inexorable law. One devoted his entire attention to time, others to pitch, emphasis, or articulation, as the individual case might be, which system may be cited as one affording the best practical results in the training of pupils.

Under a system so exacting and comprehensive, in connection with the healthful outdoor sports and

strenuous physical exercises then in vogue, it is not difficult to conceive of the lasting benefits and degree of excellence to be secured.

Foremost among all was Demosthenes. From an humble beginning he became the greatest orator of his time. Being of lowly birth, delicate constitution, and with an impediment of speech, his chances of becoming great would appear almost hopeless. By persistent effort and earnestness of purpose he finally mounted to the highest pinnacle of fame. He became vigorous by the use of judicious physical exercises. His imperfection of speech he overcame by holding pebbles in his mouth and uttering his inspired sentiments while rapidly walking up a steep hill. To strengthen his voice and improve his breathing powers, he had recourse to the shores of the ocean, where he is pictured declaiming to the waves. There are many others who might be cited as possessing the oratorical gift in a marked degree, but Demosthenes is the first, from the fact that he was, to a great extent, the architect of his own fortunes and greatness, and is held up as a forcible example to the aspiring thousands in the field of oratory.

We find in the modern school many conditions which are, in most respects, paramount with those of the ancients. Every nation has its orators, who, in accordance with their exceptional gifts of eloquence, have risen to positions of honor, and become distinguished rulers in affairs of government, as well as the high offices and sacred livings of the

church. If the qualities of true eloquence have been so well pronounced under the various heads, so have they been, as well, upon the platform and the stage. Of the two latter we would speak more particularly in this article, as they may have a more intimate bearing on the matter contained in this volume.

As regards dramatic representations, they would appear quite as necessary to the comfort and happiness of mankind as a desire for food, or the stern pursuits of business life. That they have taken place in past centuries, to some extent, among all races of people who enjoyed a certain amount of intelligence, and might be considered as moving in a sphere above that of savagery, is manifest to the most superficial observer. The spectacles of fallen empire and dominion, the gleaming phantoms, or the wonderful city of the unknown, crumbled walls and broken columns of the cities of the plains, give positive evidence of the theater and the amphitheater. Many of the early writers have recorded the advent of the player, among which may be mentioned Herodotus, Valerius Maximus, and the sacred writer, Josephus.

The most effective impulse toward a thorough system of dramatic representation is said to have been given by an order of monks, who sought by this means to impress more forcibly upon the minds of their followers certain portions of the Holy Scriptures.

Of the modern stage, such exponents of the dra-

matic art as Cook, Kean, Kemble, Siddons, Macready, and latterly, Sir Henry Irving, have fully established the prestige of true oratory as well as the living personalities of the creative geniuses which they represented.

As the curtain of the past rolls up before us, revealing in an intensified form the mimic world, we sit enraptured as we behold the living presences and hear the resonant voices of Booth, Barrett, Forrest, MacCullough, Cushman, and a score of others whose names have gone down to posterity as the brightest gems in the tiara of oratorical gifts.

We hear the sweet strains of a song, and we feel that the voice that gives it breath has a soul aside from a spiritual soul. We hear the sweet tones of a violin, and we feel that, too, has a soul. A glance within the instrument reveals to us the fact that it is empty. 'Tis the hand of the master alone that gives it being—he has reached the soul of his instrument.

Might not the same be said of oratory? The printed page is but a void, an emptiness. The genius gives it life, and, as one brought from the dead, he rises in his strength and majesty, the embodiment of the poet's conception.

Though it be reserved for but few to reach the topmost round of excellence, it should be considered no barrier in the way of the youthful aspirant for oratorical laurels.

The platform, too, has its advantages, and offers a broad field of endeavor for the ambitious. Natural

qualities, although of considerable worth, without persistent effort would be of little avail. It is said of the English actor, David Garrick, that it was customary with him to single out certain sentences of the part he was about to represent, and utter them in a loud voice two or three hundred times, if he thought necessary, until the utterance satisfied him that the emphasis, inflection, or expression, was what he desired. It is safe to say that his delivery of those sentences electrified the house. It is quite clear from various accounts that no artist of his day knew more thoroughly the advantage to be derived from practice and strict attention to the minutiae of his profession than Sir Henry Irving.

The power of oratory is not only useful to the divine, the statesman, and the actor, but it is valuable to its possessor in private, for it provides him with more agreeable and efficient conversational powers, and, if he so desires, places him in an authoritative and honorable position among his fellow-men.

Hutchinson's Recitations, Speeches and Dialogues.

THOUGHTS ON CREATION.

We behold in the universe, everywhere about us, the creation of God. It is not the mighty heavens, studded with innumerable planets and stars, nor yet the sun nor moon, rolling in magnificent splendor in the blue expanse, that reveal the magnitude of the world in which we dwell and owe our temporal being. The infinitesimal, as well, has its wonderful developments of living creatures—in them we behold the work of omnipotence, which is perfection.

The globe itself upon which we dwell, with its towering mountains, its immense bodies of water, its mighty forests, and millions of tons of weight of rocks, ores, and earth, and loaded with its living masses of humanity, and animals, not only commands our admiration of the magnitude and wonders of creation, but impresses us with a deep sense of our insignificance as mortal creatures, and

the greatness of that God to whose keeping all things are destined.

We note the precision with which all things move in the works of the Creator, and we marvel at their exactitude; so in all the wonderful achievements of God we are reminded of this same unvarying condition of things. The greatest of all animate creations in this wonderful kingdom is that of man. The rocks of the earth give sufficient evidence that he came not until the beautiful world that he was to inhabit had been fully prepared for him. From a ponderous, molten mass, rolling in darkness, it became a thing of beauty and a joy forever. With light came warmth, and life, and from the bosom of the earth grew forth its delightful verdure. Mighty trees, with their congenial shade, flowering plants and vines, laden with fragrant bloom and mellow fruits, were everywhere in abundance. A delightful verdure carpeted the earth. The song of birds and the hum of insect life had begun. Fishes sported in the deep, and the world became inhabited with all the creatures of God's handiwork.

Foremost of all was man. In form and bearing he was infinitely above all others, for he walked upright, and had a dignified bearing and the power of speech. He was provided with wisdom and power that he might reign over all other subjects as lord and master in the kingdom that God had given him. Who, then, would live without God in the world?

A LIVING TOMB.

A proud and angry father stood
Beside his weeping child,
And cursed the hour that gave her breath,
With looks of frenzy wild;
His tall form quivered as he spoke,
His arm smote in the air,
While she, with hands uplifted, knelt
And prayed for mercy there.

"And dost thou ask for mercy, child,
Where thou shouldst be accursed;
Whose fair fame lost in pools of crime,
Of virtue's cause the worst?
False one, this night must be thy last!
This night, as loud bells chime,
Behold thy fate! A living tomb
Atones thy bitter crime!"

'And as he spoke he thrust her in
Between the solid wall,
Nor heeded not her sobs and cries,
That wild and dismal fall:
"O father, hear! O hear my word!
Do not commit this deed,
But mercy show an erring child!
O say that I am freed!"

He said no word, but pointed there,
And straight the Mason stood,
With trembling limb and hollow eye,
And say whate'er she would,
No ray of hope, for one so fair,
Such cruel death to save;
And soon the opening 'gan to close
And seal the living grave.

With armed hand stood ready by
This man of stony heart,
Till every mark and crevice there
Did nothing now impart.
And to this day no clue is found
Of him this deed has done,
Nor her whose blooming life cut off,
A mystery 'neath the sun.

BOBBY'S LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

For the Ventriloquist.

Professor—Bobby, I am going to give you an easy lesson in arithmetic, and I want you to answer me distinctly and correctly. Do you understand?

Bobby—Yes, sir-ee.

Professor—Suppose you had an apple——

Bobby—I ain't got no apple.

Professor—Certainly not! This is simply a lesson in arithmetic.

Bobby—I thought it was an apple.

Professor—You do not understand, Bobby. Suppose you had an apple, and——

Bobby—Is it a yaller apple?

Professor—No, no! Will you listen to me, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, sir-ee.

Professor—Suppose you had——

Bobby—Is it a red apple?

Professor—We are only supposing a case. No more interruptions, if you please.

Bobby—All right, Boss.

Professor—Suppose you had an apple, and you should cut this apple into four equal parts, or pieces, then place one of these pieces upon a shelf, and divide the remainder of them among your friends, how many pieces would you have left?

Bobby—I wouldn't do it that way.

Professor—How would you do it, Bobby?

Bobby—I'd eat the three pieces.

Professor—Oh, I see! You would eat them, would you, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, sir-ee.

Professor—Well, then, for the sake of example, say that you have eaten the three pieces. How many would you have left?

Bobby—Is de other one on de shelf yet?

Professor—Certainly, Bobby. How many would be left?

Bobby—There wouldn't be none left, Boss. I'd grab it an' run.

BRUDDER JOHNSON'S LECTURE ON THE NORTH POLE, WITH ILLUSTRATED PICTURES.

Costume—Long black coat, checked pantaloons, red vest, old silk hat, gray wig, and old shoes.

Properties—Small table, and large folio, with picture on back representing a negro organ-grinder, with monkey, climbing the North Pole.

BRUDDERS AND SISTAHs, LADIES AND GEN'MEN :

I feel dat it am not necessary fo' me to express myself on dis occasion dat I am glad I'se wid yo' dis ebenin', kase I know dat you hab received my telegraph in answer to yo' pressin' invitation to deliver my famous lecter, de Norf Pole, on dis mومنستrous occasion.

By de way o' makin' de subject mo' fo'cible to yo' clouded intellects I hab lit 'pon de plan o' illusteratin' pictahs, painted specially fo' me, at de exorbitant price o' sixty-two an' a half cents, from de grabitation box.

Befo' I discourse my lecter I wish to impress 'pon yo' min's dat dere am free kin's ob congregashuns dat I don't like. Dey am a walkin' congregashun, a talkin' congregashun, an' a snoozin' congregashun.

I hope dat de little chillun on de back seats won't chew terbacker an' spit peanut shells on de flo', kase it ain't 'spectible.

De las' time I delibered a lecturer in dis hall I had de misfo'tune to burst a blood ligature in my throat. I want yo' all, ladies an' gen'men, to set yo' min's an' hearts to rest to-night, kase de Norf Pole am a col' subject to handle, an' dere ain't no ligatures to be bursted on dis occashun.

De Norf Pole am long bin a bone o' discontentshun to de wisest haid in de worl'. Dere was Franklin Benjamin, Horace Greesey, an' Humphrey Gravy, berry wise men, ladies an' gen'men, berry wise men, dat built big ships fo' de purpose o' explorizations in de Polah seas.

Did dey bring de Norf Pole back wid dem? Dey did not, ladies an' gen'men. Eberyone o' yo' know as well as I do dat not one o' dem ever brought dat pole back wid dem, behin' dar big ships, in de New York Harbor.

Dey nebber asked de advice o' Brudder Johnson, but went straight on over hills an' mountains o' snow an' ice to dar disatisfaction.

Dar idees were like hot flapjacks, in a hot pan, in a hot kitchen, on a hot day in de month of July.

Dey didn't bring de pole back wid dem kase dey wus on de wrong track.

Now, I'se gwine to show yo' to-night dat de proof o' de possum am de eatin' o' it, an' de only way to git de Norf Pole am to ketch de fish.

Keep yo' eyes peeled on de pictahs as dey pass befo' yo' 'stonished visions. Yo' kin see dem bettah dan I can, kase de Lord made me farsighted,

an' dat's de reason dat I am able to discourse to yo' to-night.

Way back in de good ole days dar was a b'utiful plantation. Dis yar plantation was so b'utiful dat yaller roses looked red in de sunlight.

De fust pictah shows dis lubly plantation. (*Exhibits a blank page over front of table.*) You behol' to de left o' de pictah de green lawn, de flowers, an' de mighty mountains in de distance, wid de sun jes' peepin' ovah de top o' dem. De trees am so real dat yo' can heah de birds singin' in de branches. Far away to de right o' de pictah yo' see de high rocks, an' de ocean shinin' like silver in de sunlight.

Dar lived on dis plantation at dis time an ole man who had two sons, John Jacob an' Cornelius Aster. One day de ole man said to dese boys, "Now, look here, yo' John Jacob an' Cornelius Aster, I want yo' to go straight to school to-day, like good little chillun. Don't play any mo' hookies, an' don't yo' bring any mo' fish home in yo' pockets. Min' what I tell yo' boys. By an' by yo' grow up to be men, an' yo' won't know yo' huids from pumpkins an' cabbages."

When de ole man was emptyin' de swill barrel, Cornelius Aster put a big fish-line under his jacket, an' away de boys went, han' in han' together, trabblin' ovah de lawn. By an' by dey come to a big thicket, an' Cornelius Aster saw a nice fish-pole. He took out his jack-knife an' began to cut down de pole.

Den John Jacob spoke up an' say:

"Look heah, yo' Cornelius Aster, de ole man tol' yo' not to cut down any mo' fish-poles, an' heah yo' is cuttin' down a pole an' gwine a-fishin'. 'T'ain't right, Cornelius Aster, 't'aint right!"

Den Cornelius Aster spoke up, an' say: "Min' yo' own bisness, John Jacob! I know what I'm doin'. I'se de fust bo'n on dis plantation, an' I cut down all the fish-poles I like."

By an' by de boys got a-fightin', an' Cornelius Aster struck John Jacob down to de earth wid de fish-pole.

W'en de wicked boy saw what he hed done, an' dat John Jacob didn't get up no mo', he got frightened, an' blamed de fish-pole fo' killin' him.

De next pictah, as yo' see, shows de bad boy standin' ovah John Jacob wid de pole in his han'.

He thought dat he would hide dat wicked pole where no one would fin' it. Heah you behold him flyin' ovah de lawn wid de fish-pole on his shoulder, t'ward de high rocks an' mighty ocean. De pictah on dis sheet shows him standin' on de rocks, throwin' de pole far out inter de water. Would yo' b'lieve it, ladies an' gen'men, dat pole stuck in de mud, wid de top o' it stickin' out o' the water.

By an' by de heavens became obercast, an' it began to thundah an' lightnin'. Cornelius Aster got skeert an' ran straight home to his faddah. De vengeance o' de Lord came down on dis b'utiful plantation. Frum a lubly garden it became worse

den a coon holler in de month o' January. De sun went behin' de clouds an' shine dar no mo'. De win's blew col', an' de snow an' de ice began to fall. De mighty icebergs trabbled on de bosom o' de vasty, bringin' wid dem de walruses an' de Polah b'ars; an' de whol' country, after many days, becum de Ahtic winter. De fish-pole dat Cornelius Aster had thrown inter de waters o' de ocean growed an' growed until it becum a mighty pole o' ice reachin' to de heabens.

De ole man died o' a broken heart fo' de loss o' John Jacob, an' Cornelius choke hisse'f to de'th wid a fish-bone.

De nex' pictah shows de change o' country aftah de vengeance o' de Lord hed cum down 'pon it.

One day dar was a great hummin', hiss'n' an' buzzin' in de air, an' de wonderful sea-sarpint 'peared 'pon de bosom o' de vasty deep.

T'ink o' it, ladies an' gen'men! Dat awful monster, fo'teen miles in length, wid fiery eyes an' distended jaws, twistin' its mighty body through de waters like a steamboat, an' lashin' dem to fury wid its tail. As soon as dat sarpint saw dat pole he made a dive, an' dat mighty pole o' ice slipped down his t'roat like a ripe persimmon on a frosty mornin'.

Since we hab got to de sarpint, my lecturer is at an end. Yo' will understan' as well as I do dat de only way to git de Norf Pole is to ketch de fish.

De las' pictah in de book is de sea-sarpint. (*Discovers the fact that he had been exhibiting blank pictures. Shows illustration on the back.*) Dat

artist dun gone an' paint de pictahs on de wrong
side o' de pictah book.

THE LITTLE OLD HIGH-CHAIR.

Way down in Kansas City, not many months ago,
From an underground apartment of a dingy, shabby
row,

The red flag of an auctioneer was streaming on the
wind,

With letters bold and showy, just of the taking
kind.

And as the time was heavy on both our hands that
day,

Walking up and down the street, like children out
at play,

I said, "Old Pard, let's take a peep into the auction
room,

Just by way of killing time until the afternoon."

My partner whispered something low of fools that
go it blind,

And wouldn't budge an inch; and then—I left my
pard behind.

I stood within that auction-room, as big as life that
day,

Though musty as a sepulchre, with groaning shelves
of clay.

The candles gave sufficient light to show the hoary
head

Of the aged, shrivelled auctioneer, who perched him-
self o'erhead.

He looked at me, I looked at him with bold, un-
flinching eye.

He said, "Don't block the doorway, please! Look
round; you'll surely buy."

I noted well the things I saw, from floor to grimy
ceiling,

And swept my gaze from face to face until my head
seemed reeling.

At length, down in his little box, the old man took
his station,

And hawked his wares in such a voice, you'd think,
for all the nation.

Utensils, knives, forks, and spoons, furniture, mats,
and pictures,

Went with a crash, one and all, down from the
flimsy fixtures.

At last, from out a corner, 'mong rubbish worse for
wear,

The auctioneer drew quickly forth a little old high-
chair.

'Twas musty, battered, worn with age, not worth a
picayune,

Yet full of meaning, boys, I guess that ain't for-
gotten soon.

He held it to the feeble light. "A baby's chair," he said.

His voice was choked, he put it down, then turned away his head.

I thought him cold and formal, a man of sordid mind,

With gold and silver for his god, distrust for all mankind;

But since I'd seen a tear-drop a-shining in his eye, I knew the man was human, and not afraid to cry.

It took me back to childhood's days, back to the old gray farm

Among New England's quiet hills, that held life's sweetest charm;

For well I knew there was a place where I had played so oft,

A chair like that was stored above, way up in mother's loft.

The auctioneer turned round at length, and grasped the chair once more.

This time he was in earnest, if he never was before. "My friends," said he, "you'll think it strange that worldly men like I,

That at a moment such as this a tear should dim the eye.

But facts are stubborn things, my friends, and tears a gift of God—

They teach in life of better things, sometimes a chast'ning rod.

“For just then to my mind there came a cherub
form of old,
With eyes of heaven’s purest blue, and hair of shin-
ing gold.
I seemed to see a baby form perched in the old high-
chair,
A loving mother at his side, with all a mother’s care.
It told of rattles, rings, and things that children
love so well,
Of joys forever hidden, no tongue or pen shall tell.
The winter comes, our flower is dead, we’ve parted
with our treasure,
Though Nature smiles for us once more, we find
in her no pleasure.
A thousand things unfold the past remembrance
everywhere,
But none shall reach the heart like this—the little,
old high-chair.”

He said no more; a wail was heard, and straight
from out the crowd
A woman rushed with frantic mien, and cried in
accents loud:
“Oh, kind sir, as you loved your child, have mercy
now on me!
I cannot part with baby’s chair, though steeped in
penury!
Take all I have, my worldly goods—for none of
them I care—
But give me back my precious gift—my little old
high-chair!”

"I cannot, ma'am. You plead in vain," he quickly made reply,
"For I am in honor bound to sell, or all our laws defy."

The sale went on, and dollar bids at once were quickly given,
A price unheard for such a thing, until they reached to seven.

The auctioneer, his mallet raised, prepared to strike the blow.

"Quick, or you lose it now!" he said. "Who will a dollar go?"

"I will!" I cried. "The chair is mine, by all there is in heaven!"

A dollar more I'll freely give, though it were thrice times seven!"

The mallet crashed with sudden force upon the little stand,

And at the counter soon I stood, the chair within my hand.

And to the wretched creature in tattered garments clad,

With features pinched with hunger, and face so wan and sad,

I went with quickened footsteps, and said in kindly voice:

"Here, madam, is your treasure; your heart with mine rejoice."

The woman failed to make reply; both grief and
joy were there,
And in her arms she bore away the little old high-
chair.

UNCLE SAM PUTNAM'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

FRIENDS AND FELLER CITIZENS:

Since you've called on me to say sumthin', here goes. I ain't much of what you call a speaker, so if you're expectin' more than plain fire-crackers from me on this accasion I'm afeared that you'll be disapp'inted. I never could git off them tarnal spin-wheels, Roman candles, and skyrockets of oratory, like sum fellers, but I know enough to keep my powder dry fur my own use. Wall, p'r'aps I'm like the rest of the farmers reound abeout Plunket's Corners, that git so full of Fourth of July they git charged with the spirit of patriotism, an' if they don't shoot it off in some sort of speech, as it should be done, are liable to cause serious damage to their innards by spontaneous combustion.

Eben Hardscrabble used tew say that if you want tew keep out of the pig-throw don't say anything ag'in the farmers. That's jest what I think abeout the Fourth of July. If yew want tew git intew a hornet's nest, blaze away ag'in Independence Day.

What we want, most of all, is tew carry aout the instructions of the heroes that fit fur our liberties. Them heroes, I am proud tew say, feller citizens, were the farmers of our kentry. They didn't kere tew be yoked up like oxen tew lords and dewkes, who wanted tew live on the fat of the land at our expense, so they threw deown their plows, pitchforks, and rusty bayernets and made it so durned oncomfortable fur the red-coats that they were glad enough ter git out of the kentry.

Yes, feller kentrymen, them's the martyrs that made the Fourth of July what it is tew-day. They took the American eagle from the clouds and sot it on a perch, and made it the proud bird of liberty.

Ther's no use of crowin' till yew hev sumthin' ter crow abeout, and as we've got the pile to stand on, we'll whoop her up fur all that she is wuth. And now I say ring the bells with all yer might, and let the thunder of the cannons shake the nuts from the trees and rock the cradle of the deep.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

The effect of this dialogue may be considerably heightened by the use of appropriate costumes.

Brutus—Dat you hab wronged me does appear in dis. You hab condemned me kase I said you took de horseshoe from de door.

Cassius—I nebber said you took de horseshoe from de door.

Brutus—You bribed the oder man to say so.

Cassius—I nebber bribed no man to say so.

Brutus—Remember what you say. 'Tis recorded by de typewriter. I am not a man to be trifled with. You know de man dat hung it dar upon de handle ob de door did so for justice sake.

Cassius—'Tain't nothin' to do wid me. It ain't my luck; I didn't take it down.

Brutus—You did.

Cassius—I did not.

Brutus—Dar's but one cure for you—chastisement.

Cassius—Chastisement?

Brutus—Dat's what I said, Cassius. You are known to be no stranger to de henroost.

Cassius—Your words cut sharper dan a razor's edge.

Brutus—A man dat would filch a horseshoe from a door would not stop to steal a horse.

Cassius—Dis to me! I can no longer hold togedder. Come all de midnight prowlers ob de night, wid pistols, shotguns, open fire! Charge me wid heavy lead rather dan bring dis burnin' shame upon me! Brutus is my friend no more. (*Offers razor.*) Dar is my razor, and heah my covered breast. Cut me deep if you like. (*Offers horseshoe.*) Dar is de horseshoe dat drapped from off your door. Take it, too, for I know dat when you hate it most thou lovest it better than ever thou lovest Cassius.

Brutus—Cassius, you are yoked wid a lamb.
(*Embraces him.*) I respect de tears dat you hab shed, and your apology; 'tis better so dan de penitentiary.

THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

Speech of a Young College Student.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

My remarks—— Hem! My remarks this evening are—hem!—in—in re—relation to the—the journey of life. The subject, my friends, is—is one that—that—hem!—I mean to which I—I have paid a—a good deal of—of attention. I—I have arrived—rived—hem!—at—to the—definite conclusion that—that—we are all—that is—hem!—as it were, more or less in—indefinitely embarked on—on the—the steam—steamboat—no! no! I mean the—the steam engine of—of existence, the—the railroad of life. From the—the first moment—moment of our—that is to say, our—our tempor—temporal being, we—we—what shall I say? Ah, yes! We realize the fact—the fact that we are—are animate—or, in—in other words—hem!—mortal creatures, with—with the weight of—responsibility upon us, the success of—of our lives being largely due—largely due to our—our own efforts.

The railroad of life has—has its—its beauties—its beauties—as well as its pleas—I mean its annoyances, and—hem!—its dangers. Sometimes its way is over a sort of—of level plane, with—with delightful groves, trailing—I mean trailing vines—on either side—on either side.

Frightful yawn—hem!—ing chasms, winding over—over shaky bridges crossed by running streams—streams that run, and—and shine—shine refulgent in the moonbeams of the setting sun. This picture, so—so glowingly—glowingly portrayed, is but one—but one of—of the many aspects presented to—to the—hem!—the vision of the pass-passenger in his journey on the railroad of life. The other side of the picture, my friends, is—is—ah—less inviting. There are—ah—collisions—collisions, and—and smashups—smashups that, that—how shall I put it?—ah, yes, that not only endanger the lives of—of the passengers—the passengers themselves, but—hem!—but all that may be—may be connected with it—I mean them.

I have not added these last few, may I say, painful remarks, with—with a view of—of debarring any—any rational being within—within the sound of my voice from the attempt—hem!—of—of making the attempt to undertake the journey on—on the railroad of life. No, heaven forbid! We—we are all embarked on—on the same train, and—and if we live—that is, if we live long enough, we are sure, very sure, to—to get there in the end.

A MOTHER TO HER SON.

*To Mothers everywhere these lines are respectfully
dedicated.*

There is a love that's stronger
Than links of shining gold;
'Tis sculptured in the rocks of time
And treasured urns of old.
Pure as the mirrored waters
From mountain brooklets run,
It is the love that God has given
A mother to her son.

When war-clouds, dark, impending,
Like ravens' wings alight,
Erect, in stately manhood,
He stands to guard the Right.
Buckling round her youthful soldier
The sword that battles won,
For God and Country now appeals
A mother to her son.

Though dark his path, her light shall shine
To guide him on his way,
Where strong Temptations surge within,
And scoffers drink and play.
No matter what his faults have been,
What good or bad he's done,
You cannot break the links that bind
A mother to her son.

'Mid gilded halls, where Vice and Crime
Stalk with their loads of sin,
Dash down the cup, O wretched youth!
Thy mother stands within.
The sorrow on her fevered brow
Speaks woe that's new begun,
Yet stronger still the love that holds
A mother to her son.

Though prison walls engulf him,
Immured in noisome den,
Forever from God's earthly light,
And from the haunts of men;
Though Fate's hard hand shall grip her boy,
With chair or coil outspun,
His innocence 'fore all shall hold
A mother to her son.

The last, though not the least, be said,
When thorny paths be trod,
With outstretched hands, and throbbing heart,
She yields him to his God,
Her life, the lone, sad sacrifice,
When all is said and done;
'Tis Death that breaks the tie that binds
A mother to her son.

HOW LUNKENHEIMER SET HIS POETRY TO MUSIC.

My name vos Jacob Lunkenheimer. I vos a poet.
Everybody don't know id. I write some peautiful

poetry de odder tay. Id vos sucergested to me py a cow dot vos scratching her hindt leg mit her front leg. It runs in dis vay:

Dare vos a cow in our town,
Her fleece vos vite as snow;
Und everyvare dot poor cow vent
Dot fleece vos sure to go.

Id vos such peautiful poetry dot all te girls are in loaf mit me. Vell, dot vos too pad, for te girls; I vos a married poet.

Id vos such nice poetry dot I took id to vun uv dem poetry managers in Ni Yorak.

"Vy, Mister Lunkenheimer," said he, "dot is such nice poetry vot I efer see, somedimes quick. Vy don'd you haf id set to moosic?"

"Vell," I say, "I don'd know 'boud dot. How vill I haf id sot to moosic?"

"I tole you," he say, pooty quick. "You get von leetle pox, so pig."

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"You fill dis leetle pox mit nice fresh eggs."

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"You put te poetry on te top of dese eggs."

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"Den you put dis pox mit te eggs und te poetry on top, in von piano. You sure got moosic. Of you don'd got moosic from te poetry, you sure got id from te eggs."

"Vell," I say, "I t'ank you very mootch. You ha'f von pig heart. I vill do dot right avay."

I vent py mine houses und ven I got dare I put te leetle pox, mit te eggs und poetry, in te piano, und lief dem dare four veeks.

Vun tay Katrina ha'f coompany. She vos playin' dot piano mit all her might, und te beoples vos happy, singin' "Vatch on te Rhine," ven boom! pang! dot pox mit te eggs und poetry got spilled. For vun minit you couldn't preathe for te schmell ov te moosic vot came oud of dot piano. Te beoples dook a valk in te pack yard. Ven Katrina saw vot happened she got so mat mit herself dot she tore dot poetry to bieces und sait dot I ought to gone right avay to te poor houses. Te nexd dimes I ha'f poetry to set to moosic I pud id in under a hen.



WANTED, A GIRL WITH REFERENCES.

Dialogue for five Female Characters.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. VAN BUREN ALTSON.....Lady of the house
MATILDA HARDSCRABBLE,

Lately arrived from Vermont

BRIDGET MURPHY....From County Kerry, Ireland

GEORGIANA SUNFLOWER,

Formerly of the best families

KATRINA.....Talented, but inexperienced

Scene—Drawing-room or parlor; table, chairs, etc.

Mrs. Van Buren Altson discovered at table.

Mrs. Altson (taking up folded newspaper)—I have just received this morning's paper. I am a little anxious to see how my advertisement for a servant appears in print. (*Glancing over sheet.*) Yes, here it is. "Wanted, a girl with references. Bring papers. Inquire, after nine o'clock A.M., Mrs. Van Buren Altson, 29 Elmwood avenue, city." Now, I think that is just lovely. Dear me! I am having so much trouble with these servants. If it were not that their services are so very necessary, I believe that I would dispense with them altogether. The last servant I employed had the audacity to use the parlor three nights a week for her company. Aside from this annoyance she destroyed more than the amount of her wages every week by the destruction of glass and chinaware in the kitchen. I was obliged to get rid of her finally, as she almost gave me a siege of nervous prostration by setting the house on fire with a kerosene lamp. (*Clock strikes nine.*) Nine o'clock! I am almost sure there are some applicants in waiting. (*Knock without.*) Ah! there is a knock now. Come in!

Enter Matilda.

Matilda—Don't disturb yourself, ma'am. I am

not a person, I assure you, to stand on ceremony. I can make myself at home most anywhere. You see, ma'am, I am a person of few words, and will come straight to the pint—I mean point. You will excuse me when I inform you that I am a stranger in town. In glancing over the paper this morning I saw your advertisement for a girl with references. As I, unfortunately, am compelled to labor for a living, and being out of a position, I thought that I would just step in and have a little talk with you. I presume that you want some one for general housework?

Mrs. Altson—Yes, I am in need of a capable person, more especially for work in the kitchen.

Matilda—In the kitchen; yes, I understand, ma'am. Well, I have had experience in all sorts of kitchen work. Bless you! Aunt Jemima Hard-scrabble used to say that I was not only the best cook in Farm Center, Vermont, but the handiest critter—excuse me, ma'am, I mean creature—she ever knew in any department of woman's work. You see, ma'am, that I am entirely capable of attending to my duties, whatever they may be—sweep, scrub, wash, darn, and keep the run of things, and do what there is to be done about the house, in a sensible way. I am particularly fond of preparing such dishes as brown bread, hasty pudding, and baked beans, and if you have any old clothes to mend for the children, or stockings——

Mrs. Altson—Excuse me for interrupting you, but I believe you said your name was——

Matilda—Matilda Hardscrabble, ma'am. Unfortunately, I have none of my cards with me at the present time. Of course, the name is not as musical as some others that I could mention, yet it is useful from the fact that it is so expressive and easily remembered. The Christian name of Matilda has been in the family for a great many years. My mother's name was Matilda, so was my grandmother's——

Mrs. Altson—I understand, Miss Hardscrabble——

Matilda—That's right—Miss Hardscrabble. Of course I am not married. Let people say as they think proper on the subject of matrimony, for my part I am not favorable to early marriages. Plenty of time, in my opinion, at thirty, thirty-five, or even forty.

Mrs. Altson—I was going to say, Miss Hardscrabble, that you being the first applicant——

Matilda—That's right; I'm from the country, I know, but I always make it a pint—I mean a point—of being first. Of course, a person can be positively rude, but my education will not permit me to make any undue attempts at becoming conspicuously bad-mannered. When I came here this morning there were two or three ahead of me, but I just put my right foot foremost, as I had a right to do, and got the handle of the door in advance. You seem to be a very agreeable person, and I believe that I would like the place, providing the salary was acceptable.

Mrs. Altson—My servants, Miss Hardscrabble, have never had occasion to complain about their salaries.

Matilda—I am more than delighted to hear you say that, ma'am.

Mrs. Altson—Have you any references?

Matilda (in astonishment)—References!

Mrs. Altson—Yes. As you have informed me that you are a stranger in the city, it is hardly to be expected that you would be able to refer me to any friends or employers. I would be pleased to accept any written recommendations that you would be pleased to offer me. In fact, the tone of my advertisement, as you have read, is favorable to letters of introduction. You know what I mean?

Matilda—I certainly do, ma'am. You are not willing to accept what I say as the truth.

Mrs. Altson—With all due respect to your feelings, Miss Hardscrabble, I am not. It is a mere form of business, that every person in the city who employs help is compelled to comply with.

Matilda (sobbing)—Not another word, ma'am! I cannot endure it! What is a poor girl to do, alone and friendless in this great city? You know the situation in which I am placed—that I am unable to comply with your demands. You abuse and torment me!

Mrs. Altson—I am very sorry, Miss Hardscrabble, very sorry, but——

Matilda—Do not approach me. You have placed me in a menial position and ground my heart to

powder with your words of cruelty! I cannot breathe in this wretched atmosphere! Farewell! I will return to my native hills at once!

Exit quickly, L.

Mrs. Altson—Poor deluded creature! I could not tolerate such a person for a moment. I doubt very much if she ever saw such a place as Farm Center, Vermont. It occurred to me that even her emotion was more of a mockery than a reality. (*Knock without.*) Dear me! Another applicant! Come in!

Enter Georgiana Sunflower, L.

Georgiana (*fanning herself vigorously*)—Is you de missis ob dis establishment?

Mrs. Altson—I am Mrs. Van Buren Altson. What can I do for you?

Georgiana—Jes' at present, missis, I dun know.

Mrs. Altson—I suppose you have come in answer to my advertisement, for a situation.

Georgiana—Dat's so, missis.

Mrs. Altson—You are in want of a situation?

Georgiana—I am, missis. You can write my name down as Miss Georgiana Sunflower, formerly of Virginia. (*Hands her card.*) Dat's my card. My last place was wid Mrs. Bonaparte Jones, on Fifth avenue, New York.

Mrs. Altson—Was Mrs. Bonaparte Jones unkind to you that you have left her?

Georgiana—I didn't leave her, missis.

Mrs. Altson—What was the trouble?

Georgiana—She left me.

Mrs. Altson—She discharged you?

Georgiana—No, missis, I discharged myself. Dar was too many chillun in de family to suit my convenience. I've got my pick in de best families.

Mrs. Altson—You have references, then—that is, you can refer me to your last place?

Georgiana—Dat's right, missis.

Mrs. Altson—Let me see—I have my book right here. *Mrs. Bonaparte Jones*, Fifth avenue, the number is——

Georgiana—What you say, missis?

Mrs. Altson—The number, please.

Georgiana—Beg pardon! I'se a little hard o' hearing in de right ear.

Mrs. Altson—You cannot give me the number of the house, then?

Georgiana—For goodness sake, missis, I dun forgot de number o' de house, shuah. I 'spect you find de number in de directory.

Mrs. Altson—That will do, Miss Sunflower.

Georgiana—T'ank you. My trunk is at de door.

Mrs. Altson—You have brought your trunk with you?

Georgiana—You needn't mind; I can bring it in. My wages am fo' dollahs a week. I come yar wid de understandin' dat I have fo' nights and t'ree arternoons off, wid de right ob de parlor for my company. I would like to see my room.

Mrs. Altson (*aside*)—What audacity! I shall

not trouble you to bring in your trunk, Miss Sunflower.

Georgiana—Why not, missis?

Mrs. Altson—You are not the person to suit me at all.

Georgiana—You pay for de trunk?

Mrs. Altson—Decidedly not. It could hardly be expected that I should pay for your trunk when you brought it here on your own responsibility.

Georgiana—Don't mention it. I don't blame you. I'se sorry dat my terms don't suit you. My time is limited. I hab seberal pressin' engagements dis mornin'. Good-bye, missis.

Exit, L., hurriedly.

Mrs. Altson—Oh, dear! It is such a relief for me to know that she is gone. The audacity of these creatures is positively distressing. I wonder what sort of an annoyance I shall be obliged to put up with next. (*Enter Katrina, L.*) Ah! Here is a nice-looking German girl. I think that she will suit me. (*Katrina approaches her very diffidently.*) You are a German girl, are you not?

Katrina—Yaw! I come me from Yarminy.

Mrs. Altson—I presume that you are looking for a situation.

Katrina—Yaw! yaw! I come to hire you oudt.

Mrs. Altson—Hire me out?

Katrina—Dot so. Ein, swi, dri dimes.

Mrs. Altson—How long have you been in the country?

Katrina—Der koontry—how long?

Mrs. Altson—Yes, how long?

Katrina (*throwing her hands apart*)—So long.

Mrs. Altson—No, no! You do not understand.
How high?

Katrina (*throwing her hands above her head*)—
So high.

Mrs. Altson—What is your name?

Katrina—Katrina Modder.

Mrs. Altson—Well, then, Katrina, I want to know how long it is since you left the ship?

Katrina—Yaw! Ter ship—dis koontry—me vor-stay. If I lief here swi tays I bin in de koontry von week.

Mrs. Altson—Where do you live?

Katrina—Lief?—me? Dot so; I lief me py der Morgue.

Mrs. Alston—The Morgue! Oh, horror!

Katrina—It vos dis vay. Mine fadder he vos here. He vent away oudt mit him's dorg und shoot-ed himself mit him's gun. He vos tead right away.

Mrs. Altson—Ah, I understand you, Katrina. Your father was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

Katrina—Yaw, dot so.

Mrs. Altson—What can you do?

Katrina—I can do dis. (*Dances and sings, at the conclusion of which a voice is heard without, calling, "Katrina! Katrina!"*) Dot's my mudder now. Coming, right away, quick! (*Runs off quickly, L.*)

Mrs. Alston—What a singular action! (*Goes, L.*)

Ah! Katrina in company with an old lady, who seems to be angry with her. (*Noise and bang of door.*) Thank goodness, they are gone. (*Returns to table.*) I am afraid I am not going to be successful in securing a capable servant, after all.

Enter Bridget Murphy, unceremoniously. She carries a large market basket on her arm, containing a number of balls made of newspapers.

Bridget—Are yees the lady of the house, mum?

Mrs. Altson—I have that honor.

Bridget (*placing her basket upon the stage and unfolding a newspaper, which she carries in her hand*)—You're the wan I'm luken fur.

Mrs. Altson—What is the nature of your visit, madam?

Bridget—Madam! I loike that. Well, in the fust place, I'd have yees to know that my name's Bridget Murphy, from County Kerry, Ireland; as dacint a woman as ever trod shoe-leather. In the second place, I'm luken for work.

Mrs. Altson—I see. Another applicant.

Bridget—I don't know about that, my lady.

Mrs. Altson—I would ask you to be as brief as possible, Mrs. Murphy. Time is pressing.

Bridget—Is it? I have to ax yees a few questions before I consint to take the place. (*Goes to her, unfolds paper, and points with her finger.*) Are yees the author of thim loines?

Mrs. Altson—That is my advertisement, madam.

Bridget—It is? I'll rade it fur yees. "Wanted, a gurl wid references. Bring paphers." Do yees

moind that? I've got the paphers. "Inquire of Mrs. Van Buren Altson, No. 29 Elmwood avenue, New York." Yeese are the instigator of thim wurds, mum?

Mrs. Altson—I am. There is no necessity for any further repetition of the words.

Bridget—It is not my intintion, ma'am, to incur your displeasure. I would have yeese to know that I am particular about my engagements. I would loike to ax yeese what wurk yeese have fur a good girl?

Mrs. Altson—I desire a competent girl in the kitchen.

Bridget—That's right, mum—wan that can wash, iron, cook, and do anythin' there is to be done. I understand.

Mrs. Altson—The person I employ must come well recommended.

Bridget—I see, mum. Never moind, I've got the paphers. What wages are yeese payin' to a good gurl?

Mrs. Altson—Two dollars per week and found.

Bridget—Found dead, I suppose. Yeese can put on another dollar a wake fur wan that can do anything, an' lave out the per. Commints are not——

Mrs. Altson—Madam, I——

Bridget—Commints are not ninessary, mum. What did yeese discharge yer last gurl fur?

Mrs. Altson—She broke all the china and glassware in the kitchen.

Bridget—Did she? Poor thing! And you discharged her fur breakin' the china and glassware?

Mrs. Altson—I did.

Bridget—Poor craythur! And what else did she do?

Mrs. Altson—Set the house on fire with a lamp.

Bridget—Did she? Poor thing! And you discharged her fur burnin' the house wid a lamp?

Mrs. Altson—I certainly did.

Bridget—You certainly did. Well, well! Will wunders ever sthop? Go on. What else did she do?

Mrs. Altson—She used the parlor for her company almost every night of the week.

Bridget—She did! That was wrong of her. She didn't know her place, mum. She should have continted hersilf wid the kitchen, and left the parlor fur the lady of the house. I don't blame yees fur dischargin' her at all, at all. I've no inclination fur the parlor, mum. I'll take charge of the kitchen, do all the wurk, and lave my ordhers wid yees fur the butcher, the baker, an' the grocer. I'll see, mum, that yer china and glassware ain't broke, an' that yer house ain't burned down wid a lamp. All wid the understandin' that there be no interference on yer part wid me wurk.

Mrs. Altson—Mrs. Murphy, I am sorry, but really I cannot allow this to go on any longer. Your services are positively not required.

Bridget—What is that yees say, mum?

Mrs. Altson (*rising in anger*)—I shall have to ask you to leave my house at once.

Bridget—Lave yer house, is it? It's mane of

yees, mum. Shure, it's lucky I am, afther all, that I've no dalin's wid yees. Before I go I'll give yees all the paphers yees want. (*Opens her basket and takes out a paper ball.*) I'll have a game of baseball wid yees. (*Throws missile at Mrs. Altson, who dodges it and runs frantically about the room, pursued by Bridget, who continues to pelt her until her supply is exhausted, in the midst of which melee the curtain descends.*)

I'M GOING HOME TO DIE.

Return of the Irish Emigrant.

Some forty years ago, old friend,
I crossed the ocean blue,
And found a home in this fair land,
And to it I've been true.
I've been a soldier, fought and bled,
And fell where patriots lie;
But now, there's no more need for me,
I'm going home to die.

I recollect the day I left
The isle so green and fair,
The parting words of kindred, friends,
And she with sunny hair;

Our little cot among the hills,
The river running by.
Though none there are to greet me back,
I'm going home to die.

There's no one here to care for me
Since Bertha is no more;
Her little grave you will attend,
And twine the ivy o'er.
A father to her I have been,
And leave her with a sigh;
You'll not forget the orphan child—
I'm going home to die.

My parents, brothers, sisters; all—
Whose grief and joy I shared,
Repose beneath old Ireland's sod,
And gone, I trust, prepared.
There is a churchyard on the hill,
Where, side by side, they lie;
A space between, and that's for me.
I'm going home to die.

Farewell, dear friend, forever, now!
Mourn not when I am gone.
We both are old and palsied grown,
We'll not be parted long.
Though seas between our graves shall roll,
We'll meet again on high.
God bless and prosper you, old friend—
I'm going home to die.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE HARE'S LEGS.

A stylish Frenchman entered a fashionable restaurant in New York, and, seating himself at one of the tables, rang vigorously for a waiter.

Not being served at once, on account of the rush of trade, he arose to his feet and shouted lustily:

"Garçon! garçon! Come here, quick!"

A waiter hurried to his side.

"Ah, garçon, you have come. I am so hongree! I have me no preakfast, vun week."

"What can I do for you, monsieur?"

"Mootch, vare mootch! Vat have you got?"

"Everything that is good for the stomach. Our bill of fare."

"Aha! ze leetle beel of fare, eh? Let me see how mootch."

"Your order, please. Business is rushing."

"T'ank you. I vill get some preakfast quicker."

"Your order, please," reiterated the waiter, impatiently. "Our bill of fare."

"Oui! oui! Ze leetle beel of fare. Let me see vat you have got, garçon."

The Frenchman glanced quickly over the little card, and returned, sharply:

"How mootch you pay, huh?"

"What you eat, monsieur. We are on the European plan."

“You do not comprehend, garçon. Vat you pay ze whole beel?”

The waiter gazed at his customer in amazement for a moment, and then blurted out, “Five dollars!” thinking, perhaps, to get rid of him. To his astonishment the Frenchman rubbed his hand in delight and said.

“Vare weel. Sheap, sheap! Vare sheap!”

The waiter smiled very graciously and became even obsequious to the wants of his customer.

“We shall be pleased to serve you with our best,” he said, with an extra flourish of his napkin across the table.

“Ah, t’anks, garçon. You do me vat you call mootch proud. Let me see, ze first vat I see on ze leetle beel is me—me—menu. Dat’s it.”

The waiter drew back in astonishment.

“Vat for you look like vun leetle pull like zat, huh? Mon Dieu! I get me no preakfast dis veek!”

“I am sorry that we cannot accommodate you, monsieur. We have no such dish as ‘menu.’ ”

“Vat ees zat you say, garçon? You have no such tish?”

“That is what I said, monsieur.”

“Den vat for you put heem on ze leetle beel? I pay my money, I must have ze whole beel. By gar, you sheat me!”

To make matters alarming, the Frenchman arose angrily from the table and made an effort to grasp his hat and coat from the hanger.

Fearful of losing such a good customer, the wait-

er interfered with his hasty movements and begged him to be seated.

"Do not be in a hurry," he said. "You do not understand. You are an intelligent man, monsieur. If you will stop and think for a moment you will realize that 'menu' is simply a name for the various dishes upon the list. Pray be seated."

"Oui, oui, garçon! Zat ees so. I would be vun pig dunce. Menu! Zat ees right, sare."

With this our hungry Frenchman reseated himself at the table, and once more took up the bill of fare.

"Ze next vat I see on ze leetle beel ees—vat you call heem—tom—tom—tommy——"

"Tomato soup," interrupted the waiter.

"Oui, oui! Tomato soup; nice delecassey. You pring me vun tish of tommitoes soup."

The waiter was hurrying away when he was brought to a halt by a shout from the Frenchman, who added:

"Vun cup of coffee and a leetle pread and sheeze."

The small order was soon placed before him. After a vigorous rubbing of his hands he began operations on the tempting morsels. The first thing he did was to empty the contents of the tiny sugar bowl into his coffee; the milk followed suit. These were now pushed aside, and he was soon scraping the bottom of his soup-dish. The bread, cheese, and coffee next disappeared like magic, and, like Oliver Twist, he was looking round for more.

The waiter was soon at his side, and piled the empty dishes upon his salver.

The Frenchman, without a word, took up the card and gave the following order :

“Vun roast bif, vun roast lamb, vun roast chicken, vun roast duck, vun roast turkey, vun roast potato, vun squash, vun turnip, vun celery, vun mushroom, catsup, two cranberry sauce.”

The waiter staggered, and in his effort to write, dropped his pencil upon the floor.

He turned to go, when his hungry customer called him back and said :

“I say, garçon, a cup of coffee, and a leetle more pread and sheeze.”

The waiter soon reappeared bearing a well-filled tray with the Frenchman's order. The various dishes were speedily grouped in a semicircle in front of his delighted customer.

“Vun pottle of vine, right here, garçon, right here,” tapping with the end of his finger on the table. He needed no invitation to begin operations, but went to work in earnest with knife, fork, and spoon.

The viands which were most agreeable to his palate were eagerly devoured, while some of the other dishes were partly ignored, only the most toothsome-appearing morsels being eaten. Leaning back in his chair, he surveyed his field of operations, and evinced his satisfaction by a succession of grunts. The wine now attracted his attention, and grasping the bottle he threw away the unloosened cork, and,

pouring out a glassful of bright red wine, tossed it off at a draught. The next moment he sputtered what remained in his mouth over the dishes on the table, followed by a succession of grimaces, gutturals, and expletives, which brought the waiter hastily to his side.

"Ah, garçon, vat's ze matter, you say? Vat you take me for? You t'ink mine stomach vaz vun vash-house, huh?"

"What's the trouble, monsieur?" said the waiter.

"Ze vine! You make vun peefsteak! You poison me!"

"Our best Burgundy."

"Burgandy, ze debble, sare! Vinegar, garçon, vinegar!"

During this time the waiter was busy piling the dishes upon his tray. Our Frenchman, having settled down, once more took up the bill of fare, and went on enumerating:

"Vun apple pie, vun custard pie, vun rice pudding, vun apple dumpling, vun nuts, vun oranges, vun ice-cream, vun leetle cup of strong coffee, and a leetle more pread and sheeze. Ah! vat I see me now, at ze pottom of ze leetle card?"

"A special dish, monsieur. Stewed mushrooms and frog's legs," said the waiter.

"Mushrooms! Frog's legs! Peautiful delicasey! Vy didn't you tell me zat quick, sometimes pefore?"

The waiter shook his head and made no reply.

"Vare weel, you pring him here, quick!"

The waiter hastily reappeared with the order, and once more made his semicircle of dishes, in front of the Frenchman, on the table.

“Ah! vare goot! I vill keep ze frog’s legs to ze last. Dey vill keep ze rest of ze t’ings in my stomach.”

The frog’s legs were pushed to a convenient distance from him, and the waiter took his leave. The puddings disappeared, and the pie, oranges, nuts, and ice-cream followed, topped off with the coffee, and bread and cheese. Next the frog’s legs were drawn in front of him and subjected to a vigorous attack.

To his surprise, he found them tough and unpalatable. After several fruitless attempts to cut them with his knife and fork, he finally splurged them from the dish and upset the mushrooms upon the table.

Rising in anger from the table, he shouted for the waiter.

“By gar! Vat you call dem, eh?”

“I’m sorry, monsieur,” replied the waiter, “but the cook has made a mistake, and sent hare’s legs instead.”

“Sacre! The debble heemself could not eet zem! I have what you call enough.”

The Frenchman grasped his hat and coat and turned toward the door.

“Your check, monsieur.”

He clutched the check and hurried to the counter.

Throwing down his money, and the check along with it, he shouted:

"Ze next time ven I come inside of dis place I stay on ze outside! I call for frog's legs, by gar! You give me Belgian hare's legs!"

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PRESS.

Speech of Jimmy Farley at the Fifth Anniversary of the Newsboys' Club, the Knights of the Press.

FRIENDS AND FELLER ASSOCIATES:

It is wid a feelin' of de innermost pleasure dat I appear before you dis evenin' as de speaker selected for de occashun. I t'ank yer for de honor dat yer have conferred on me, an' hope dat I may be able ter acquit myself in a manner dat would be worthy of a newsboy of de city of New York. (Applause.) I am happy to say dat dis is de fifth anniversary of de newsboys' club, de Knights of de Press.

It also affords me happiness to say dat dis club is now in a more prosperous condishun dan ever before. Dat should be a subject of de highest gratercation to de officers and all dose connected wid it.

Fer de benefit of dose who are wid us to-night who may not know de principuls by which dis club

is guverned, I would like to make de announce-ment dat dis club was founded by the newsboys of New York, s'ported by de newsboys of New York, an' dat de only people in de worl' dat have any say in its active principuls are de newsboys of New York. Every boy, regardless of nashonality, dat makes his livin' by sellin' newspapers, an' has a character fer tellin' de truth, wid a dispersishun to do what is right, can become an active member of de Knights of de Press. Its fundermental principuls are eddicashun, mut'al pertection to its members, an' de elervashun of mankin' gen'rally.

You will see, den, my frien's an' brothers, how important it is dat every right-minded boy dat has an idee above a huckleberry, or a full stummick (laughter), should see de importance of becomin' a member, dat he might enjoy de benefits of its teach-in's an' associashuns.

De newsboy, in my opinion, deserves more credit dan he is given gen'rally. He disseminates knowledge to de classes, an' promotes de good of de community by de circerlashun of de latest news an' useful literatoor. Dere is many a man livin' in high s'ciety ter-day dat wouldn't enjoy his cigar half so well, after a warm breakfas', if he didn't have de mornin' paper fer consolashun. I might enum'rate many instances in s'port of de glorious cause of de newsboy were it not dat I feel dat I have fully expressed myself on dis occashun, an' must close, wid de hope dat dose present who are not members of de Knights of de Press may join us, wid a view

of becomin' useful, right-minded, an' respected citizens of dis mighty republic.

THE LITTLE SOCKS OF WICKLOW FARM.

In the sunlight of his kitchen,
Sat a farmer, old and gray;
He was thinking of his boyhood,
And the years now passed away.

He was thinking of his manhood,
He sat thinking of his dead.
Sternly, now, his face grew stronger,
As he raised his heavy head.

"Give to me, O God," he uttered,
"Give to me thy comfort now!"
Then he rose as one in terror,
Clasped his hands upon his brow.

"No!" he cried, "I'll ne'er forgive her!
She to me is dead as clay,
All my curses heaped upon her.
Keep her from me now alway.

"Call her not my only daughter,
I have none, the world shall say,
For I've crushed all feeling for her,
And the brat she bore away.

“What’s to me her worthless husband,
Beggar, outcast of the town,
With no spark of human kindness,
Of the lowest, lowest down?

“So I drove them forth together,
Barred the heavy kitchen door;
With the night and winds contending,
Vagrants now, forever more!”

Then he turned toward the window,
Where the jeweled mountains lay,
In the gleaming of the ice-fields
Shining in the golden day.

No sound, no voice, no echo there,
No human form he saw.
’Twas frost! Another winter’s day
Writ in his book of law.

He turned away, then started back.
What is this upon the chair?
A small brown box, tied with a string!
She must have placed it there!

He broke the cord with nervous hand,
The lid from it he tore.
A little pair of baby socks
Fell out upon the floor.

'Twas fair Helen's baby fixings,
By swift fingers neatly done;
'Twas her trinkets, socks, and garments,
By her mother knit and spun.

All the dead past rushed upon him,
All the days of grief and woe,
All the happiness, and blessings,
Of just nineteen years ago.

From his hands the box fell quickly,
O'er the floor its contents flew;
Then he grasped the hanging curtain,
Round him now its folds he drew.

Through the darkness saw these pictures,
In the shadows, come and go:
Of a mother and her infant,
Brightest now for him to know.

Heard the ring of joy and gladness,
Saw her innocence, her glee;
In her eyes the love-light shining,
As she climbed upon his knee.

Saw her in her girlhood's beauty,
In her loveliness of life,
All his comfort, all his treasure,
Drooping o'er his poor dead wife!

Saw her face of bitter anguish,
As he drove her from his door,
In that storm of cruel winter,
To the icy, frozen moor.

Then there came his cry of torment,
As though terror did him seize;
Tore the curtain in his madness,
Fell upon his trembling knees.

To that God which is above us,
Then he prayed, as ne'er before,
For that light, which is in Heaven,
For the outcast from his door.

That the past be all forgotten,
All his hope he centered there.
On his feet he stood, enlightened;
God had answered earnest prayer.

Ere the night fell, came a jingling
Of bells upon the snow,
And the noise of prancing horses,
In the gloaming, come and go.

Next, the sound of merry voices.
Open wide he threw the door,
With a happy father's greeting,
Counting all his treasures o'er.

'Twas fair Helen and her infant,
And her husband, free from harm.
O'er the fender still are hanging
Little socks of Wicklow Farm.

UNCLE SAMPSON AT CONEY ISLAND.

Talk about Coney Island! Well, say, fellers, we hain't got nothin' like it at Vermont Center, that's a fact. I was aout fur a good time, an' I ruther guess I got all I was lookin' fur.

It was all-fired hot, an' thar was sich a tarnashun craowd that sometimes I was walkin', an' sometimes I wasn't, fur the craowd held me up.

Thar was a greatsquawkin' of females an' babies, an' one of my caowhide boots got tangled up in a woman's skirts, an' caused a rumpus. She called me a Yankee hayseed, an' said fur two pins she'd fire the baby at me. None o' the gals had any pins about 'em to spare, so I didn't git the baby, arter all.

Thar were more sights than you could shake a stick at; an' as fur music, you'd think the hull place hed gone mad.

What struck me as bein' kinder curious was that the hull lot o' 'em played the same tune. The durn

thing has bin skalavantin' through my head ever since.

Talk abeout clam cheowder! Well, say, if Sally Ann Sampson made sich stuff fur me she'd hev a bath she wouldn't furgit in a hurry. They made up with pepper what they didn't hev fur fire; an' as fur clams, yeou couldn't find 'em with a telescope. One feller tried tew take my picter, whether I wanted tew or not. He got the wrong pig by the ear, I reckon, fur he went into his hole a-flyin', with one of my caowhide boots arter him.

Another feller asked me if I'd had a try at shoot-in' the chutes. I sed I was sorry, but I hadn't brought my gun with me.

They've got another jigger they call skoop the skoop. They didn't skoop me in till I tried, fur fun, one o' 'em air machines that goes up and around, bumty bump. I wish I'd hev stayed aout of it, fur it sot everything I hed eaten fur a week clean down into my boots.

Of course I hed a dip in the salty, an', gosh! it was one o' the best treats I ever hed. I j'ined in with the rest, heart an' hand, an' when I kum aout you'd thought I'd swallowed the ocean, I was so puffed auot.

I put a couple o' handfuls o' the sand into my trowsers pocket, an' kum away with the convicsun that the island was safe an' sound. An' I'd say to all you fellers, that if you ever go tew New York, daon't furgit to go tew Coney Island.

TIM MURPHY'S BILLY GOAT.

Listen to me, an' I'll tell yees somethin' about Tim Murphy's billy goat. Shure, it makes me laugh every time I think about it.

"Moike! Moike! Where are yees, Moike!" yelled Mrs. Malony.

"Phwat's the mather?" says I.

"Where are yees?"

"Here, on the lounge in the kitchen, slapin' as swately as a churub. Will yees be afther tellin' me phwat's the mather?"

"Mather enough!" screamed she. "Shure, an' shure, Tim Murphy's big billy goat's in the parlor!"

"Is thot so? How did he git in, Mrs. Malony?"

"By the windy, Moike."

"Drive him out! Bate him! Kill him!" I shouted. "The baste'll be atin' yer furnitoor!"

"Shew! Shew! He won't go out, Moike!"

"It's not the loikes o' yerself thot's afeared o' a billy goat? Shure, the divil himsilf has horns."

"Och! Musha! musha! It's my wake's wash he has in his stummick! Murdher! Luk out, Moike! He's a-comin'!"

Afore I cud turn my hand the cratur wuz on the top o' me, wid his two eyes starin' at me loike mad. "Aha!" says I, "is thot yersilf, yees durty, ill-mannered dinizen? I'll t'ach yees, pokin' yer nose into

other pable's bizness!" Wid thot, I giv him a smash on the jaw that sint him rollin' on the flure, on the broad o' his back. I scrambled to my fate jist as Mrs. Malony rushed in at the dhure wid the broom.

"Is he dead, Moike? Is he dead?"

"Dead? No, shure he's not dead! Faix! he has a jaw on him loike a stone fince."

The goat got on his fate. He wuz chewin' on somethin' that loked loike the bit of a tail he hed, fur all the world.

"Luk at the soize o' him!" says I. "Phwat's that sthickin' out o' his mout'?"

"It's my new clothes-line, Moike," she returned, wid her broom forninst her, loike a soger.

"Murphy'll pay fur the clothes-line, an' I'll have the goat. Get me gun!"

"Shure, Moike, it's widout lock, stock, or barrel."

"Thot's so. Where's the butcher-knoife?"

"In the pig-stye, wid the pig yees kilt."

"Have yees ony hot wather?"

"Divil a dhrop! The tay-kittle is at the tinker's."

Afore I cud spake another wurd the goat made a dive at Mrs. Malony, who ran scramin' about the kitchen. Shure, I cudn't help laughin' if I wor to die fur it, the way the ould woman got round the place, an' the goat afther her. Over wint the chairs an' table, an' down wint the poor cratur in the carner, wid the goat buttin' at her.

"Och! Moike! Moike!" she cried. "It's done fur intoirely, so I am! The harn o' the goat is broke off in my soide!"

"Lave go o' thot!" I shouted, grabbin' the baste by the two harns. Up he kem on his hind legs, an' afore I knew phwat wuz the mather, down I wint on the flure, wid the cratur on the top o' me again. Och! Murdher! murdher! I t'ought I'd be aten aloive. By me troth it's a harrd toime I hed uv it to turn thot goat over on his back. Whin I did so he wuz dancin' on his hind legs, as though nothin' had happened to ayther o' us.

"Kick him, Moike!" yelled Mrs. Malony. "Kick the stuffin' out o' him!"

At the wurd, I planted my brogan wid my best force in his soide, thot sounded loike an ould tin pan, an' out cum a yard an' a half o' clothes-loine.

The goat got enough, an' ran behoid the stove in the carner.

"Now," says I, "we hev him, Mrs. Malony. Pile on the chairs at the back o' him, so the craytur can't get out." Shure, we hed him at las'. I caught hould o' the rope at his mout', an' pulled wid all my moight. Out cum another yard o' the rope, wid somethin' sthickin' to it.

"Phwat is thot on the rope?"

"A bit o' yer suspinders yer ould grandmither sint from Oireland."

"Murphy'll pay fur the suspinders," says I, wid another pull at the rope. "An' phwat's thot, shure?"

"A boondle of clothes-pegs, Moike."

"Murphy'll pay fur the pegs," says I, wid a pull o' the rope. "An' phwat's thot?"

"A bit o' yer Sunday pants."

“Me pants, eh? Shure, I’ll hev the rist o’ me pants, if I die fur it!”

I gev a hard pull at the rope. Out it cum in me han’, an’ down I wint on the flure, wid the rope in me han’. The goat slipped under the stove loike a dried skin.

I got to me fate, whin Mrs. Malony yelled out, at the top o’ her voice:

“Phwat’s that at the ind o’ the rope, Moike?”

“Shure, thot’s the bit o’ a brush never used by onybody but the goat himsilf. By me soul! It’s the goat’s tail!”

DEWEY AT MANILA BAY.

The sun went down o’er Manila Bay;
There battleships at anchor lay,
Calm and still, in the starry night,
Fearless and bold for law and might.

When through that op’ning forth there came,
From out the gleaming, crested main,
With masked lights, and pipings low,
The iron-sheathed hulls of a warlike foe.

Fearless they moved, and yet so still,
The stoutest heart with awe might fill;
And in the widening waters found,
E'en like a death-trap, circled round.

Quivered the lights along the shore,
Hushed was the city's sullen roar,
And, through the night, each man, at his post,
Awaited the onset of the host.

The gray morn broke o'er Manila Bay,
And there, in formal battle array,
The placid waters sweeping o'er,
Old Glory waving at the fore,

That mighty squadron, bearing on,
Awoke the city's slumbering throng
With booming guns and rattling spars—
Brave Dewey and his gallant tars!

Ne'er on the breast of mortal foe
Fell with such force more fatal blow;
And ne'er a keener, greater surprise,
Than on those drowsy watchers' eyes.

Now surged the battle, fierce and wide;
The smoke hung o'er the sluggish tide
In blackened columns, drifting low,
A solemn pall, o'er stricken foe.

The lurid flash, the deaf'ning roar
Of mighty guns, whose missiles pour
Through heaving hulks, athwart, amain,
Cruiser and battleship the same.

Before that belt of fire and steel
The battling hosts with terror reel;
They turn, dismantled and undone;
They burn, they sink—the victory's won!

The sun went down o'er Manila Bay;
Within the blood-stained waters lay
The shattered wrecks, with hundreds slain—
The vanquished ships and sons of Spain!

Hurrah for Dewey, and his crew—
The flag that flaunts the azure blue!
Long may it wave above the free,
Herald and emblem of liberty!

From frozen North to torrid clime,
May every star, undimmed, shine;
From pole to pole, free as the day,
And ne'er the sun set on its sway.

Brave Dewey links the mighty chain
That sweeps across the storm-tossed main:
A harvest rich, in golden days,
An endless name, a nation's praise!

THE PROFESSOR.

A Dialogue for Two Characters.

GEO. W. DENHURST.....Professor of elocution

EVELINE.....His daughter

Scene—Parlor in a hotel, Denver, Col.

Professor discovered at table, looking over paper.

Professor (reading)—"Professor Geo. W. Denhurst, of the New York College of Oratory, has taken a suite of parlors at the Occidental, where he will be pleased to receive pupils in elocution and dramatic art, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., Sundays excepted. The training of females, particularly, is desired." It is rather an odd advertisement, but I think it will suffice for my purpose. This is my third annual journey to the frontier of my native country, buoyed up with the hope of recovering my lost one. So far, my efforts have been fruitless, yet I do not despair of finding her, if she is among the living. I have used my name and profession pretty liberally in my endeavors, and I am well satisfied that if she should behold one of the little announcements that I am scattering broadcast she would fly to my embrace at once.

Eveline appears, C. She is attired as an Indian maiden, and carries a small rifle over her shoulder.

Professor (starting to his feet, and gazing wonderingly at her, aside)—An Indian maiden! The likeness is perfect! Oh, God! and cannot it be at last?

She strikes a grotesque attitude, raises her rifle to her shoulder, and levels it directly at him. The professor exhibits no fear, standing rigid and motionless.

Eveline (dropping her rifle)—'Pon my word, stranger, but you can stand fire like a warrior. (*Goes quickly toward him and offers her hand.*) Shake! I admire bravery in a man.

Professor (shaking hands with her)—Although I am not the bravest of men, there was no terror to me at the muzzle of your rifle. Your eyes were not expressive of danger.

During the utterance of these words Eveline stands as one transfixed. At the conclusion of his speech she springs quickly forward, and, grasping him by the arm, fixes her eyes upon his face.

Eveline (turning away dejectedly)—I was mistaken, stranger. Your voice seemed so familiar to me that I thought you must be someone that I had known years ago.

Professor—So you think that you have heard my voice somewhere before, do you? You cannot recall where you have heard it?

Eveline—I cannot recall anything, stranger. I do not even know where I was born.

Professor—Ah! Indeed! What induced you to call and see me?

Eveline—Well, you see, stranger, I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I thought that I would give you the sort of introduction that some of the hunters have on the frontier.

Professor—You are intelligent—can read and write?

Eveline—I am afraid that I am not very intelligent, as you call it, but I can read and write.

Professor—You are not an Indian?

Eveline—As I have told you, I don't know what I am. I live in the Gulch, with Weaniwa.

Professor—Who is Weaniwa?

Eveline—The old Indian squaw who provides for me, teaches me to do bead-work, and dresses me in fine clothes for exhibition when we come to the city. That is how I found you out, stranger.

Professor—Ah! I understand. You say that the name of the woman that protects you is Weaniwa?

Eveline—As they say on the frontier, you hit the bull's-eye that time, sartin.

Professor—Yes, yes! And what is your name?

Eveline—Hiawana.

Professor—Hiawana! You must have had some other name. Try to think.

Eveline—Hiawana is the only name I can remember. Weaniwa said that in her tongue it meant White Fawn.

Professor (agitated)—Great heaven! Can it be possible? (*Places a chair, C.*) Sit down, Hiawana. You must be tired. (*She seats herself.*) I feel as much interest in you, little one, as though you were

my own child. You must tell me all about this Indian woman who has been so kind to you. (*She places her rifle on the stage beside her, and gazes vacantly about, as though she were awakening from a dream.*) Go on, Hiawana.

Eveline—She is not kinder to me than you are, stranger. I will tell you all I know about myself. I have a dim recollection of a far-away home, and a sister and mother. Moreover, I have an almost obscure recollection of a father, who was more than kind to me. It seems to me that I can hear him now, addressing large gatherings of people. (*She pauses, and draws her hand dreamily across her forehead.*)

Professor—Go on, my child. You do not know how interested I am in your story.

Eveline—I can feel the whirl and rush of cars, and hear the noise and rumble of wheels. Now I see a merry party upon a tall cliff. I wander away, and shriek with all my strength as I seem to be hurled into a bottomless pit. Then all is blank. My next recollection is of a strange, dark-skinned woman standing over me. She said that she had found me at the bottom of the Gulch, and that I must be very quiet, as my head was injured.

Professor—What a revelation! (*Aside.*) I am more than satisfied that the unfortunate girl before me is my own child. What a dreadful position for a fond parent to be placed in! If I could only restore but for a moment the glimmering light of reason in her brain! What shall I do? I must be

further satisfied. Ah! The little recitations I taught her when a child! Perhaps she may remember one of them.

Eveline—I cannot tell you anything more, stranger.

Professor—You spoke, a few moments since, of one whom you supposed to be your father. Don't you think you would recognize him, if you saw him? (*She shakes her head mournfully.*) Your father being an orator, as you say, must have taught you some selections, in prose or verse, that you doubtless remember. I should so much like to hear you speak one of them.

Eveline—Let me think. Yes, there is one that I recall. I will recite it for you. (*She arises and recites the following poem*) :

“The cataract! See how it leaps
Adown the rugged hill,
Across the meadow, through the wood,
Then by the old grist-mill.

“Its limpid waters lashed to foam,
As onward to the sea,
Among the rocks, with angry voice,
Roars ever sullenly.

“It surges, hisses, seethes, and spouts,
Drives fishes to the air,
And, like a maddened charger, seeks
For freedom everywhere.

"Its rushing waters ne'er fulfil,
To turn the lumb'ring wheel,
And fill the miller's heart with joy
By sacks of sweetest meal.

"The lovers seek its flow'ry banks,
The children fear it not,
And in its shade the cattle find
No more delightful spot.

"Close by the farm-house on the hill,
Under the bridge of stone,
Deep and swift, with a merry laugh,
A sigh, anon a moan.

"Onward, then, to the rocky crest,
Then down, with deaf'ning roar,
Foaming and hissing in the pools,
The angry waters pour.

"The cataract! Its murmur dwells
Where'er my footsteps roam,
The sweetest spot on earth to me—
My own dear native home."

Professor (who has stood enrapt during her recital)—Be comforted, my child. It is not a dream, a phantasy, as related in the story of the cataract. May God give you strength to realize the truth. Ah! The visions that tormented your mind have been dispelled. I can see it in the sparkling of

your eyes. I have not searched for you in vain. Look up! look up!—my child! Eveline! look upon me!

Eveline (with a cry of joy rushing to his embrace)—Father!

Professor—Eveline, my child! At last!

THE LINK OF FRIENDSHIP.

The beautiful story of Damon and Pythias, as contained in the popular play of that name.

Behold the ancient city of Syracuse, agitated with civil feuds, factions, and brawls, incidental to a struggle for supremacy. We see, at this time, two notable persons among them: Damon, a noble senator, a man of considerable repute among them, proud, stern, austere, aggressive in disposition, and loud-voiced for the liberties of his countrymen. The other, Pythias, a valiant soldier, young, ardent, impulsive, a friend to Damon, and a strong believer in the principles which he advocates.

We behold Damon in his little country villa, without the walls of the city of Syracuse, surrounded by home comforts, the presence of his gentle wife, Hermion, and his little boy, Damon, both of whom he idolized as he did his own life. We regard his

happiness, his affection for the loved ones about him, and hear him tell over again some of those noble principles for the betterment of mankind which agitated his breast. We see, once more, Pythias, and his betrothed, Calanthe, and hear them recount once more their tender words of affection and sincerity.

We behold Damon rushing into the Senate House, where sat the mighty rulers of the kingdom, and hear him thundering his anathemas in their ears. Again we behold him, infuriated almost beyond control, with his glittering poniard poised above his head, aiming it at the life's blood of the tyrant, Dionysius. For this offense we see him overcome by the soldiery, and, by the command of the king, shackled hand and foot and thrown into a noisome dungeon. We hear his pleadings go forth to Dionysius that he may behold his friend, Pythias, before he dies; that he may behold his wife and child before he dies. Even these poor boons were strenuously denied him by the king. He has transgressed upon one of the most important laws of the kingdom, he has forfeited his life, and must die upon the scaffold.

And now we behold him led forth to execution, his heavy chains clanking upon the stony streets of Syracuse. Around and about him are the soldiery of the king—Dionysius a central figure. Beside the block stands the grim headsman, with the fatal axe glittering in his hand. Without, the somber, silent multitude of Syracuse, awaiting the mo-

ment of execution. There would not seem a ray of hope for Damon at this moment. When, hark! A cry is heard, and Pythias, forcing his way through the multitude, with a cry of anguish prostrates himself before the king. He begs of Dionysius that Damon be allowed to behold his wife and child, and that he be granted a respite of four hours. He implores of him that he may be permitted to take Damon's place in irons, as a hostage for his return, and cries out: "Do this—but this, and may the gods lift up thy greatness as high as their own heaven!"

Dionysius gazed on him in wonder and admiration. He could scarcely believe that such a condition of friendship could exist in the human breast. To satisfy himself on this point he ordered that the chains be removed from Damon and placed upon Pythias, which done, they separated, Pythias going forth to Damon's dungeon, and Damon to liberty for his short respite of four hours.

Now came the most trying ordeal for Pythias that he had yet experienced. Being called forth from his dungeon, he beheld before him his adorable Calanthe and a heavily cowled monk. This monk painted for him a glowing picture of liberty. The vessel was already in the harbor, her sails were set, ready to depart. He had but to say the word, and liberty should be his; Calanthe should be his; and all that he most desired in the world should be his. Calanthe pleaded with him, but in vain. Pythias, be it said to his honor, was true to his friend. He

believed that Damon would return; if not, death, to him, would be far more preferable than dishonor in flight. Turning from them both, he fled frantically back to the remotest corner of his dungeon. Had he been able to penetrate the cowl of that monk, he would have beheld the sinister features of the king, Dionysius.

In the meantime, Damon, mounted upon the swiftest steed in Syracuse, dashes away over the stony streets, thence over hill, and down dale, until he reaches his little country villa. Hermion, his wife, is in his arms, and to her he quickly relates his experiences of the past few hours: his attempt upon the life of the king, his arrest and imprisonment, his being led forth to execution, the intervention of Pythias as a hostage for his return. He informs her that he has less than four hours to live, and that he must return at once to save his friend. Hermion falls lifeless in his arms. He places her in a seat, and is about taking his last look upon her when he is startled by the cry of his little boy, Damon, who rushes to his embrace. Then his heart almost bursts. He raises the child in his arms, his tears falling fast and heavy upon the little upturned face. He places the child beside its mother and rushes into the garden.

The sun is rapidly going down behind the hills. He has not a moment to spare. He seeks his steed. It is nowhere to be found. He beholds his faithful slave, Lucullus, cowering in the garden. He rushes toward him and demands his steed. The slave grov-

els at his feet. "Oh, my master!" he cries, "to save your life, I slew your steed!"

It was a moment of despair, fraught with madness, for Damon. Almost frenzied with rage and desperation, he cried aloud: "Pythias, my friend! He will be slain, and I am his murderer!" Clutching the trembling slave, he dragged him furiously toward a frowning precipice.

And now Pythias stands alone at the block. Calanthe has been torn from his arms, and already his neck is being prepared to receive the fatal blow. He has but two minutes to live, Damon has not come, and he must die in his stead upon the scaffold. He kneels beside the block, the headsman's axe is in the air, when, hark! A distant cry is heard. A horse and rider are at the stretch. Louder and louder the yells of the multitude are heard, until the rattling of the horse's hoofs resound upon the stony street, and Damon, begrimed with dust and mire, huge drops of sweat standing like beads on his brow, and his whole being quivering with emotion, with a wild cry of joy leaps into the enclosure and is folded in the arms of his friend, Pythias.

In a whirl of ecstatic joy and madness, and amid the prolonged shouts of the multitude, he relates the story of his adventure with a horseman, the capture of his steed, and his speeding on the wings of the wind to save his friend. Mounting the scaffold, his voice is heard crying out: "I am standing

upon my throne, as proud a one as his, that I have reached!"

Falling before the block, the headsman's axe is glittering in the air, when, behold! a cowed monk comes quickly forward, and, throwing down his disguise, 'tis Dionysius, the king!

"Behold me!" he cries. "Say this at every door in Syracuse: that Dionysius, tyrant as he is, gives back his life to Damon!"

THE WITCH.

Within a glade, 'mong tangled roots and mire,
An old witch sat, beside her crackling fire.
Now in the flames she thrust her bony hands,
Drew forth the sticks, and whirled the fiery brands.
"Oho!" she cried, "ye whelps of sin and shame,
With these mad sticks I'll scourge ye o'er again!
Come, now, ye all, from out your loathsome den!
'Tis Wild Madge bids ye come, accursed of men!"
Then down on the ground, in frenzy, she tore,
Mumbling and ranting her wretched old lore.
Now forth from the gloom, in the early fall morn,
Came a fierce, crouching form, unshaven, forlorn,
With glaring eyes fixed on the croaking old crone,
Like a ghoul from the dead, claiming his own.

So slow he moved, the reptile life ne'er feel.
 Within his hand there gleams a blade of steel.
 Now o'er the witch he bends, with grim delight,
 Gnashing his teeth, the very winds to fright.
 He grasps her by the hair, her throat he thumbs,
 Down cleaves the deadly knife. (*Terrific shriek.*)
 The daylight comes.

SNYDER VOS SO GOOT.

(The German Philosopher.)

Address of Louis Schumann at a Memorable Gathering of his Associates.

MINE FRIENDTS:

I t'ank you very mootch ven I hear you say dot you must haf a man dot knows somedings to speak to you to-nighd. Now, mine friendts, I don'd know vedder I vos dot man you vant, or not. I t'ink, maype, dot you would be mistaken ven you hear vot I haf got to say. Off you know id, you know more as vot I do mineself. Von t'ing you know pooty quick, und dot is, der pisness oof hot frank-fordts is bedder for me den der pisness oof makin' speeches.

Der shentlemans who has takin his seat mit your

handts of abblause vonct sedt dot der only vay to get dare vos to vork. He meant ven he sedt dot dot he vos talkin' aboud dis brudderhood. I b'lieve vot he say aboud id from der pottom oof my heart. Der man vot goes ter sleep ven he ought ter be avake vill vake oop tead. Off I vould feet a man mit colt frankfordts he vould get mat, und say dot my pisness vos goin' ter de togs. I must vork to keep dem varm, und dot keeps mine customers. Der vay ter keep a pisness is ter make it keep you. Der vay ter make a pisness is like makin' a steam-engine. You make der bieces, pud dem togedder, de veels, de fire-hole, de smoke-stack, und everyt'ing vot you vant; den, mine friendts, you haf no more droubles; der machines run demselves.

Dare are two odder fellers vot couldn't vait. De fust man wants to get dare too quick. He joomps so high at vonce dot he findts dare is not enough vind in der air ter keep him oop dare, so he has ter come down kersmash. Der odder feller is like der goose mitoudt der golden egg. He gets von gold egg every tay, but he don'd vos been satisfied. He wants all ter eggs at vonce, so he kills der goose, und findts dot id is empy. Dot so?

Der most impordant subject pefore you to-nighd is der toombstone by der Monumental Fundt oof dis Brudderhood. Now, mine friendts, let me say dot I, for vun, am in der favor oof der toombstone. Id is der last t'ing vot ve can gif a man in dis world. Vy shouldn't he haf id? How vould ve feel oof ve vould gone tead, come pack agen, und findt no

toombstone ofer our graves? I know dot you would all say, shust as I do, mine friendts, dot I am sorry. Vot kindt oof a brudderhood vould id pe, anyhow, dot vouldn't helup a man ven he is down?

THE STUDENT AND HIS BOAST.

A sea-captain and a young student, of but slight acquaintance, were strolling along, the other day, when the student inadvertently made the remark that any female of ordinary intelligence could be approached without an introduction. The captain, who was noted as being somewhat of a joker, turned to the student sharply and said :

“Do I understand you to mean that you can approach any young female you desire to become acquainted with, without an introduction?”

“That’s precisely what I mean,” returned the student.

“Are you quite sure of what you say?” again said the captain, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

“I wish that I was as sure that I am going to get a thousand dollars to-day as I am of that,” was the answer.

The captain gave him another one of his sharp glances, and replied :

“I know of one little female, I would venture to

say, that you would not dare to approach without an introduction."

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty as a picture! The trimmest, finest little creature that you ever saw. She is from the Orient, a new arrival in the country. Her name is Nancy."

"Don't make any difference about her name," said the student.

"What do you think about her?" inquired the captain.

"Don't know. How old is she?"

"That's a delicate question to answer, for a female. She may be sixteen, and she may be sixty, for all I know."

"I would like to try it," said the student, with a long breath.

"Come with me, then," said the captain, locking his arm in that of the student. "It is only a walk around the corner."

A walk of a few minutes brought them to a modest three-story brick house, where the captain halted, and, ringing the bell, the summons was quickly answered, and they were admitted. The captain soon had the student safely ensconced in a comfortable arm-chair, and disappeared in an adjoining room, where the following conversation took place:

"Hello, Cap!" came a clear, sharp voice. "I've been looking for you."

"That is nice of you," replied the captain. "So you were looking for me, were you, Nancy?"

"Ay, ay, sir! Had a bracer?" resounded the same shrill voice.

"Well, no—not exactly," he responded. "I've had a walk."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Nancy. "Tell that to the marines!"

"You are looking very fresh this afternoon, my dear," remarked the captain.

"Not so fresh as that rooster you brought in," came the shrill voice.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the captain.

"I've had a clean wash."

"Oh, I understand, Nancy; you have had a bath this afternoon."

"You bet I have!" she screamed.

"I am real glad of that, Nancy. I have brought a nice young gentleman to see you."

"Quack! quack! quack!" replied Nancy, in piercing tones.

"But he is such a nice young man," chimed in the captain, mockingly, "handsome, college bred——"

"Quack! quack! quack!" repeated Nancy.

"Has high connections, wealthy——"

"I've heard ducks quack before," she screamed. "He don't cut any ice with me."

"Why, Nancy, dear, think of what you are saying!"

"He can't make eyes at me, I tell you! Quack! quack!"

"I'm sorry to hear you go on this way, Nancy."

"He's a son of a gun! Quack! quack!"

"I am astonished——"

"So am I. Quack! quack! Hair like oakum."

"Don't be so silly, my dear."

"Quack! quack! Face like salt-junk."

"You will ruin your prospects."

"Can't help it. Quack! quack! Nose like a boat-hook."

"Listen to me, Nancy!"

"Quack! quack! Mouth like a clam."

"How have you found this out?"

"From the window. I had my weather-eye open. Quack! He can't hold hands with me. Quack! quack! quack!"

The captain suddenly made his appearance in the parlor, where the student, who had, no doubt, been more than an attentive listener to all that was going on, stood in the middle of the floor, hat in hand, ready to depart.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said. "You can now see what you can do with Nancy."

"I'd rather be excused," he answered, in a trembling voice. "I think I will be going."

"Wait a moment," rejoined the captain. "I will introduce Nancy to you."

He disappeared, and the next moment returned with a large gray parrot in a cage.

The student, now realizing for the first time that he had been tricked, clutched his hair in anger, and without waiting for an introduction, flew to the door, and down the steps.

"See him run!" shrieked the parrot. "The son of a sea-horse! Give him grape and cannister!"

The captain rushed to the window, roaring with laughter at the success of his powers of ventriloquism, and looked out. He was too late, however, for the student had gone.

SANDY MACALLISTER'S DREAM.

Sandy had been imbibing rather freely the night before. In his own words, he was not feeling well, so he got permission from his foreman for a short leave of absence, and went home at an early hour to have a quiet nap.

He had been a quiet lodger in the Miggs family for a number of years, and, consequently, he enjoyed privileges therein which some of the other lodgers did not possess. He had a night-key, and could enter the house at any hour he chose. It was almost dark when he arrived home. It so happened on this occasion that the Miggs family were absent, and would not return until a late hour. A few of the lodgers were present in the dining-room. Dolly, the servant girl, was employed in waiting upon them. Sandy drank a cup of strong tea, and, without a word, quietly left the room.

"Sandy is not so weel the day," coolly remarked one of the men.

"I ken ye weel, mon," chuckled another. "I'm thinkin' he'll be seein' some o' his friends afore mornin'."

Here both men laughed heartily.

Sandy went at once to his room, and, relieving himself of his coat, vest, and shoes, threw himself upon his bed, and vainly endeavored, for a time, to close his eyes in sleep. He heard the lodgers bang the door as they went out, one after another. He heard Dolly singing merrily in the hall a moment later. Then another door banged, and he knew that he was alone in the house. Thus evidently relieved, he stretched himself comfortably on the bed, and fell fast asleep. The rays of the harvest moon streamed into the room through the open window and made it as light as day. Sandy was sound asleep, sure enough, with his head resting upon a huge bolster, and snoring lustily. Suddenly, something in the form of a human being sprang in at the open window and stood crouching over him.

"What be ye, man or beast?" muttered Sandy, partly rising, and fixing his gaze upon the strange-looking object.

The fierce-looking creature protruded its head quickly toward him, and shouted in a sepulchral voice:

"Boo-whoo!"

"It's the de'il himsel'!" ejaculated Sandy, ducking down and covering his head with the bolster.

Sandy, be it said to his credit, was no coward. Usually he would fight anything when aroused, though it were twice his bulk. This monster, seemingly, was too much for him. It had taken him by surprise, and had completely confounded him.

Rising to a sitting posture, he glanced quickly about him. The hateful object had disappeared. He was, doubtless, congratulating himself that it had gone for good, when, to his horror, he beheld it on the opposite side of the bed. It was certainly more ghastly and hideous-looking than ever before. The eyes of the monster were flaming like live coals, and the horrible teeth chattering, as though in fiendish delight and mockery.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" it thundered, thrusting its horrible head and shoulders forward, as before.

Another bolt under the bolster was the result from Sandy.

As he lay there, trembling, and his hair standing on end, like quills on a porcupine's back, he could hear those dreadful utterances at the foot of the bed, then at the head of the bed, and he fairly groaned in affright. It seemed to him that he could endure the terrible suspense no longer. Starting to his knees, with a roar of desperation, he leaned forward, and, clutching his heavy shoes from the floor, he raised them above his head, with a fixed determination to annihilate the fiendish object on its next appearance.

He had not long to wait, for almost the next instant the grinning thing appeared over the foot of the bed.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" it roared.

"You've brought it on yoursel', monster that ye are!" he fairly hissed. The next instant the shoes were hurled at the grinning head with terrific force. Down it went like a shot. With a cry of delight he sprang to the foot of the bed to gloat over his victory.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" came from the left of the bed.

Sandy sprang from the bed with a bound. His nerve was completely gone.

"A madman!" he shrieked, rushing in terror from the room.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" roared the other at his heels.

Upward he sped with the speed of the wind. At the top of the second flight of stairs he stood in dismay. He tried the door. It was locked. He could hear the heavy tread of the fiend behind him, and already he felt his burning breath upon his cheek. He would be destroyed, body and soul! The door resisted his efforts. He threw his body against it, once, twice, thrice. It flew open with a crash. The madman was there, with his ghastly, grinning face, and clutching hands.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" he screamed.

Sandy was wrought to frenzy. Still upward he

fled. He climbed a flight of rickety stairs to the roof.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" came the blood-curdling words beneath him.

"Aha! I'll fix ye noo, ye blatherin' idiot!" shouted Sandy, throwing up the trap and leaping upon the roof. His object was to force down the trap and thus prevent further progress of the fiend. To his amazement, he could not crush it down.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" struck like a death-knell upon his ears.

The heavy lid was forced upward with terrific force. He found himself thrown violently upon the roof. In an instant the madman was upon him. He could feel the terrible grip of death-like fingers clutching his throat, and the hot breath of the monster burning on his cheek as he grappled with him. Downward they struggled on the slippery roof, until the very edge was reached.

"Boo-whoo! Boo-whoo!" now crashed upon his ear, as with a piercing cry they were hurled down to the stony street.

At this perilous moment light glared upon the scene, and the Miggs family, alarmed at his cries, rushed pell-mell into the room.

There Sandy stood erect upon the bed, with a look of the wildest consternation on his face. His madman was the huge bolster of his bed, that he was clutching in his arms.

Sandy never heard the last of that night's adventure. He was fond of argumentation, but if you

wanted to silence him on any subject, you had only to say "Boo-whoo!"

THE SONG OF THE FLY.

There is a song that's ever sung
In every land and clime;
'Twas born when Life's world first began,
To die at end of Time.
It sings for king upon his throne,
As well for lowly slave,
And all it follows everywhere,
Through life unto the grave.

Through all the changing scenes of years
It lingers in the mind,
And happy recollection brings
Of those we ne'er more find.
When near by Granny's spinning-wheel,
A child upon the floor,
With pleasant thought comes back to us
That merry song of yore.

Perhaps no singer in the land
Has fewer friends than he,
For every living thing protests
Against his liberty.

Despite the locks, and bolts, and bars,
He lights upon your nose,
Or, on your ear, with thrilling note,
He drives away repose.

Yet, robber bold that he may be,
He gleans with every care,
And helps himself to best of things,
Nor scorns the beggar's fare.
With all his faults, God gave him life,
For good, as you and I.
Dear reader, would you know his name?
'Tis mother's old house-fly.

PADDY MILES AND THE PLUM-DUFF.

Here am I, Paddy Miles, from Cork. All the way from Oireland to New York. You see, sors, the walk-in' was bad, so I kem over by the boat. I'm descinded from two Irish noblemin, Bourack and Bourack. Shure, their names wor so much aloike yees couldn't tell wan from the ither. Wan day my ould mither sez to me:

"Paddy," says she, "wurk is gittin' scarce. Yees had betther be doin' up yur Sunday clothes an' luk-in' up a job fur yurself."

“All roight, mither,” says I. “I think I’ll be goin’ to Amerikay.”

“Amerikay!” says she, wid a face on her as long as yur arrum. “An’ ain’t yees afraid, Paddy, yur’ll be drowned at say?”

“Not at all, at all, mither,” says I.

“An’ phwy not?” says she.

“Because,” says I, “wasn’t me faither a Cark mon?”

“Yis,” says she.

“An’ wasn’t his faither, and his faither’s faither Cark min?” says I.

“I b’lave they wor,” says she.

“An’ did yees iver know o’ a Cark mon to be drowned at say?” says I.

Wid dis, the ould woman began to bawl, thin I began to bawl, thin we both bawled togither, an’ begorra, we bawled till we c’u’dn’t bawl any bawler.

Well, to make a long story short, as I was goin’ down to the boat, I met me ould schoolmaster, Mr. Burke.

“The top o’ the marnin’ to yees, Patrick,” says he. He always called me Patrick, for short. “Where are yees goin’?”

“Well,” says I, “Mr. Burke, if the ship don’t go to the bottom, I’m goin’ to Amerikay.”

“It’s a long voyidge,” says he.

“Faix, I know it,” says I. “Shure, it’s glad I am to meet yees. You’ll be afther givin’ me a bit o’ charracter.”

"It's sorry I am I can't do that same," says he. "Yees niver hed ony charracter to give."

"'Thot's the raison," says I, "'I'm axin' yees fur wan now."

"Well," says he, "I'll hould yees in remimbrance. Shure, I'll sind the charracter by expriss to New York."

"T'ank yees fur thot same, Mr. Burke," says I. "My prayers are thot the divil may not fly away wid yees."

Shure, there's miles an' miles of the Mileses in Oireland. You kin see ther tombstuns at the road-side, onywhere yees want to luk—five, tin, an' twin-ty miles to Cark.

Whin I got down to the boat they wor waitin' fur me. The min wor haulin' in the loins. There was such a crowd on the dock to see me off, so jammed an' squeezed toghether, thot yur couldn't tell wan fram the ither.

Whin we got out into the strame, wan o' the purty byes kem on deck, an' says he, "All hands below!"

"Phwat is thot yur say?" says I.

"All hands below," says he.

"What about my brogues?" says I.

"Get down in the hould," says he.

Wid thot he took hould o' me collar.

"Hould on!" says I. He guv me a shove, an' down I wint to the bottom o' the hould, wid me back skint as clane as a whistle.

Whin I got on deck in the marnin', shure I

c'udn't tell where the land might be for the hapes o' wather about me. The atin' was bad, an' the wather worse. What wid the salt-junk, the crackers, the praties, an' the plum-duff—ouch! Begorra, shall I iver furgit the plum-duff? Shure, I ate a pailful o' it. I no sooner got it into me stummick thon the duff an' the plums began to foight, an' the duff hed it—wan pound o' duff to two plums.

“Phwat's the mather?” says wan o' the min.

“It's toid wid a knot,” says I, “but I'll lave it go.”

I made a dive fur the soide o' the ship.

A say cratur was swimmin' alongsoide—a shark, I b'lave they call it. Not carin' to be impolite, shure I guv the ould gintlemon all the plum-duff I hed to spare. The next toime Oi go on a say voyidge Oi'll sthay in Oireland.

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.

Fiercely and wild the hot winds blow,
Across the plains as white as snow,
Whirling in clouds the glittering sands
Deep from the breast of the arid lands.

Blazed like a fiery furnace high
The midday sunburst of the sky,
And twixt the blasts, and scorching glare,
Left no hope nor refuge from despair.

Wrapped in mantle of fire and stone,
A rider from his steed is thrown;
Down in the sands, in terror dight,
He clings to the reins with strength of might.

Snorting and plunging in the air,
The rider shrieking in despair,
With maddened force he breaks the hold
That grips him with a weight of gold,

And upward to the frowning cliffs
His heaving flanks in frenzy lifts.
From out those dreadful, scorching sands,
That hapless form now holds his hands;

And fights to gain his feet once more,
That burning waste to struggle o'er.
He rubs his eyes, no light they gave,
But all the darkness of the grave.

"O God!" he cried, "it cannot be,
This is my earthly destiny!
In blindness here to yield my breath—
On this dread waste to lie in death!"

Then down upon the sands fell low,
Gave all to God, for weal or woe.
Renewed with courage, he arose,
With burning brain, and cruel throes,

And in his darkness sped away,
Till in the sands unconscious lay.
Yet death to him was not to be,
In this dread waste of misery.

A hunting party on the plains,
Ere night came on, now drew their reins.
As eagerly they round him draw,
The circuit preacher's form they saw,

Half buried in the drifted sand.
They drew him forth, life to command.
God gave him strength and light of day,
Once more to live to preach and pray.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Dialogue for Two Characters, Male and Female.

Scene—A fashionable parlor. Table and easy-chairs, C.; rich cloth and vase of flowers on table; footstool at back. Orlando and Angelica seated, R. and L.

Angelica (*sweetly*)—Orlando!

Orlando—What is it, love? I am all attention.

Angelica—Do you know what this reminds me of?

Orlando—I am sure I do not.

Angelica—Well, it reminds me of a beautiful story I once read in my childhood.

Orlando—Yes? I presume you mean our courtship.

Angelica—I certainly do, Orlando. It seems to me just as pure and sweet as these lovely flowers upon the table.

Orlando—Ah! You are so poetical, Angelica!

Angelica—Oh, I think poetry is just lovely. You know, as well as I do, dear, that all these beautiful things of Nature were created for our pleasure and delight, and it is just as little as we can do to offer up our thankfulness in the spirit of poetical effusions. Besides, pure poetry is so refreshing, and sips the nectar of love.

Orlando—Excuse me, love, if I express my feelings with a smile.

Angelica—Oh, I know that men are not so tender as women are. They say that the course of true love never does run smooth; but I am happy to say, Orlando, that there is an exception to the rule in our case. Don't you think so, dear?

Orlando—I certainly do, my dear. We have really more to be thankful for than most people have.

Angelica—That is true, my love. But, then, you know that so many people are so responsible for their unhappiness. It is so easy to borrow trouble.

With us it is so very different. There are no jars, no disturbances, no grievances, but all peaceful and delightfully happy. (*Starts to her feet, and presses her hand upon her forehead.*) Why, dear, I really believe that I am getting dizzy.

Orlando (*rising quickly*)—Dizzy, my love! I will bring some water.

Angelica—Not for the world, my dear Orlando! Pray, do not be alarmed; 'tis nothing serious.

Orlando—You gave me a momentary fright.

Angelica—That simply shows the depth of your devotion. 'Twas but a rapture, an ecstasy of joy, that carried me away. You remember, Orlando, that beautiful story of Ingomar, the barbarian? There are two lines in it that seem to apply to the devotion we have for each other. "Two souls with but a single thought——"

Orlando (*embracing her*)—"Two hearts that beat as one."

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Dialogue. Characters as in the foregoing selection.

Scene—A parlor. Tables and chairs, R. and L. Orlando and Angelica discovered, R. and L., sitting at tables, with their backs partly turned toward

each other. Orlando is reading a newspaper Angelica a magazine.

Angelica (glancing over her shoulder at him)—Dear me! How stupid these men are!

Orlando—Phew! What a tiresome old sheet, to be sure! Politics! politics! politics! Anything to fill up a paper.

Angelica (dropping the book in her lap)—This book must have the fidgets!

Orlando—Terrific boiler explosion in New Jersey, smashup on Broadway, a balloonist takes a plunge in Buzzard's Bay, execution at Sing Sing——

Angelica—Why don't he say something?

Orlando—Wants, wants, wants! Wants are never supplied; they become more numerous. The same old story. Look up a situation, and you find a mob ahead of you, fighting to get in, at five o'clock in the morning.

Angelica—What horrible pictures for a magazine! If it was not that he is my husband, I would throw the book at him.

Orlando—Lard, hams, butter, and eggs lively. [*Cry of infant without.*] Another county heard from.

Angelica—Men! Brutes—monsters!

Orlando—Hello! Here's a go! Another Black Friday in Wall Street. Bulls and bears panic-stricken. [*Cry of infant.*] Angelica, I do wish you would attend to that child!

Angelica—It is unfortunate that you should be disturbed by the cry of the child.

Orlando (cry of infant)—Do you hear that, *Angelica*? You are simply wasting your time over those horrid magazines.

Angelica—No worse than that evening paper of yours.

Orlando—What do you mean, dear?

Angelica—Don't dear me! Has it never occurred to you how selfish you are? Any man of sense ought to know better. I am tired of it. You fly into a rage if the child cries while you are poring over your evening paper. You forget that I have to endure it the entire day. You read the morning paper. That should satisfy any man of ordinary intelligence.

Orlando—What about your magazines?

Angelica—I am willing to compromise the matter. If you will give up your evening paper for my sake, I promise you that I will give up my magazines for your sake. You see how selfish I am.

Orlando (starting up)—I don't think so. (*Crushing the paper in his hands.*) Done! (*Throws down paper.*)

Angelica (throwing down magazine and rushing to his arms)—Forgive me, Orlando, for being so cross to you, but it is so nice, my dear, to have someone to rock the cradle once in a while.

RUBY JONES' LECTURE ON MATRIMONY.

FRIENDS, AND WOMEN ASSOCIATES :

It affords me pleasure to see such an assemblage of happy, smiling faces before me this evening. It proves to my mind that the people of this community are awake, and not slumbering in the delusions of life, as some folks are. The subject of my lecture is one that should be of much interest to every man and woman, married or single, and, may I say, child, that knows enough not to reach an arm across a breakfast table for a plate of doughnuts or a pan of baked beans. I am not here to-night to talk woman's rights, or woman's suffrage, but to speak upon a subject quite as near to your heart of hearts, and that is—matrimony.

I don't know whether the fellow that invented the word is living, or not, but if he was I'd be one of the first to shake hands with him, because, in my opinion, he struck the right spot.

In the first place, everyone agrees that it is not natural for man or woman to live alone. These are my sentiments, publicly expressed, from personal observation. Look at a man forty-five or fifty years of age, with no mother or sister to look after him. He mopes about as though he didn't have a friend on earth. He grows sour and morose, and when he goes to church, which don't often happen, he sits in a rear pew, says the amens where he shouldn't, and wipes his nose with a cheap bandana

handkerchief. The house where he lives has a grin like a skeleton in armor, for the want of paint, and the grass in the front yard is four feet high, with the rose-bushes smothered out and bearing a single sickly bloom at the top, where there ought to be a hundred. To see him, you would say that he was part and parcel of the apartments that he inhabits. When you enter, you are obliged to lift your skirts for the dirt. The stove glares at you like a phantom, and the ashes beneath it remind you of the drippings of Vesuvius. The carpets are marvels of junkism, and the window-panes so thick with grease and dirt that you couldn't see through them with a telescope. When he comes to see you he pokes around in the kitchen, and talks and laughs over things that happened thirty years ago.

Now, if there is anything that I despise, it is to have a man poking his nose into women's business in the kitchen. Now, I calculate that if the critter I've been talking about had the right sort of a partner for life such a state of affairs would never happen.

In speaking of women, I cannot disguise the fact that I am a woman myself. I claim for her that she is the weaker of the two sexes, and is worthy of more careful consideration. At a corresponding age, nine times out of ten, she is just the opposite of the other critter. She is the essence of cleanliness, and to enter her abode without wiping your feet would be next to sacrilege. She may be a little ancient in some respects, but she is kind, gentle, tidy, and her

stove is as black and shining as the cat that sleeps under it. She is just as careful about her personal appearance, and never loses the tact of primping her hair and touching up the gray spots about her temples with shoe polish—which is nobody's business but her own.

Now, what I contend is that both of these critters would have been better off if they had given half the attention to matrimony that they had to other things. On the other hand, look at the people who have observed the teachings of Scripture, and entered into the holy bonds of wedlock. Their name is legion, and the fruits of the earth are theirs to enjoy forever. Of course, there are many exceptions to the rule, but the system is not to be disclaimed because some girl sees the wrong fellow in a brook, or another one weds a pair of blue eyes, or a set of teeth that never grew in a person's head. I have many competitors—people who advance ideas very different from my own—but they are usually of that class whose finger-nails need pruning, or have been crossed in their affections.

The secret of success in matrimony is not alone to be wedded, but to be mated. The necessary qualities are honesty, consistency, and congeniality—a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull together.

I am not married myself, as the most of you know, but I do not hesitate to stand up for matrimony in my opinion, and as long as I have Jane Cauliflower and the Banguptown *Free Press* on my side, I will

assert its rights, and run the machine to the ends of the earth.

THE GIRL TRAMP.

Hey, boys, a hand, please, to help me on my way!
I'm down at the heels, footsore, hungry, you say?
In want? Yes, rather. You see, I've struck hard
times,

With no nickel to jingle to the clink of dimes.
Don't laugh. I'm hardened, and don't give a whack.
'Tis water that's spilled on a duckling's back.
I've something to tell you of an up-to-date scamp,
Then, maybe, you'll have pity on a poor girl tramp.

Don't stand in the sun! You're melted? 'Tis nothing to me.

Come here, in the shade of this time-worn tree,
And listen to one who a story might tell
That would curdle the blood of the imps of hell.
One of your kind, in the image of God,
Whose homage I paid, whose blistering rod
Dealt scourges and flames to life's ebbing lamp—
Fell crushed at his feet, the wretched girl tramp.

In the maddening whirl of that Gotham of sin,
'Mid splendor and pleasure, confusion and din,

'Alone, and unheeded, the tempter came soon,
The herald and far-reaching mandate of doom.
Dishonored! Don't jeer! 'Tis but human to fall.
Our strength is in God, the Master of all!
'Twas the lures and the wiles, not the pure guinea
stamp;
The heart-throes of despair of the lost girl tramp.

Deserted! Don't turn away! I saw him that night,
Another one, too; but, boys, I'll set it right.
As God is above me, his footsteps I'll trace,
Till Death shall receive me in his icy embrace.
A coin! Thank you. I'm tiresome, I know,
But the life that now courses will soon cease to flow.
'Tis the way of the world. Your senses would cramp
With the tale, so oft told, of the lone girl tramp.

Now, boys, don't let a poor creature down hard.
Make the queen of your hearts ever your trump-
card.

As you have fair sisters, pray do not deface
Their beauty and love with the siren's false grace!
Remember the wreck you beheld on the way,
And the smile of sweet future gleam on you alway.
Then, with forked flash, where the wild steeds
champ,
Fled the fleet form of the strange girl tramp.

The storm of the night had now drifted afar,
And the sunlight of day gleamed like a bright star.

In the doorway of the little old church on the hill
A small huddled form sat upright and still,
Rigid, and cold as the heavy, dull clod,
With a smile on her face, upturned to her God.
Safe, and at rest from the chill and the damp,
Reposed, on that morn, the dead girl tramp.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

One night in September,
The moon at its full,
There came to our household
A strange-looking cull.
His mouth it was puckered,
His eyes they were blue,
With a nose that resembled
A small billiard-cue.
His cheeks they were rounded,
As red as a rose;
His arms they were dimpled,
As well as his toes.
He yelled with a vengeance,
And clutched at the spouse,
The bald-headed tyrant
That came to our house.

The longer he stayed
The bolder he got,
Till Billy got savage,
And yelled, "Tommy rot!"
And grabbed at the butter
Rolled under his jaw,
To choke him to silence,
And read him the law.
Then mamma got frightened,
And said, "It's too bad!"
Yelled out to the tyrant;
The tyrant yelled, "Dad!"
Young Billy was under—
A little wee mouse—
The bald-headed tyrant
That came to our house.

To mamma's great pleasure,
And Billy's surprise,
His head it grew bigger,
And brighter his eyes,
Though mamma, each morning,
Gave it a rub
You'd think would have polished
An old cedar tub.
The folks didn't worry
If the hair didn't sprout,
For Johnny got bolder,
More rugged and stout,

And ruled with a rattle,
Togged in a frilled blouse—
The bald-headed tyrant
That came to our house.

Little Billy's blue nose
Was just out of joint,
By Johnny outwitted
At every point.
To the yard and the street
He scampered away,
With romping dog, Towser,
And urchins, to play.
He didn't care more
For Johnny's red pug,
Tootsy-wootsy, my darling,
Or mamma's warm hug.
He could have all his playthings,
He was nix come a rouse,
The bald-headed tyrant
That came to our house.

DR. QUACK.

In a dingy room, of a dingy town,
Sat Dr. Quack, in his office gown.
Above him, about him, on every side,
Were fruits of his labor and pride.

Literature he scattered everywhere,
With bombs of curatives filled the air;
And every village, and town, as well,
Had something of Dr. Quack to tell.

His wonderful cure he puffed to the sky.
Strangest of all, that people should die,
When, for a coin, though its ring were bad,
Such life-giving mixture might be had.
Under his care came an old woman now,
With shuffling gait and fevered brow.
He eyed her up, and he eyed her down,
And knew at a glance her name was Brown.

He looked at her tongue, looked at her eye,
Knew 'twas a case, yet heaved not a sigh;
Thumbed her pulse, her temperature took,
Wrote her full name in his musty old book.
Then said, as he sat upright in his chair,
"Your liver, good woman, is thin as air.
You've come in time. Go home in delight;
A draught of my balm will set you to right."

A youth, of sweet fortune, now entered in;
He sighed like a furnace, spoke with a grin.
The doctor gasped. Said he tenderly,
"There's little to work on, that I can see.
You've struck the right place—your good fortune;
An hour later death would have been your portion.
Your only hope in this world of strife
Is a bottle of my Balm of Life."

A wag came in, who wagged upon a peg;
In point of fact, he wore a wooden leg.
"Doctor," said he, "I've had a fall.
I'm so lame I can hardly walk at all."
The man of drugs and bottles then said, slow,
"Come right along. Here's a pretty go!
I see, my friend, you seem to walk on eggs.
My balm's the only cure for wooden legs."

JOE JEFFERSON, THE BED-POST.

A Minstrel Sketch, for Interlocutor and End Men.

Interlocutor—Bones, I want to ask you a question.

Bones—What's de trubble, now?

Interlocutor—I understand that you and Tambo had a quarrel in a room of this theater to-night.

Bones—Who tol' yo' dat?

Interlocutor—No matter. Is it so?

Bones—I 'spect it is, Boss.

Interlocutor—You should not quarrel with Tambo. He is an inoffensive man.

Bones—What kin' o' man did yo' say, Boss?

Interlocutor—Inoffensive.

Bones—He wasn't on de fence.

Interlocutor—What were you quarreling with him about?

Bones—I wasn't quar'lin' wid him; he was quar'lin' wid me.

Tambo—Dat's a lie!

Bones (*Rising with Tambo*)—Yo' mean ter say I lie?

Interlocutor (*rising*)—Be seated, gentlemen. (*All seated.*) Perhaps you will tell me the cause of the trouble, Tambo.

Tambo—He said I hed a black eye.

Bones—No, I didn't, Boss!

Interlocutor—What did you say?

Bones—I said he hed a red eye.

Tambo—It's all de same.

Interlocutor—How did you get it, Tambo?

Bones—I didn't do it.

Interlocutor—To save yourself further annoyance, Tambo, you had better explain this matter at once.

Tambo—I'll tell yer, Boss. You see, I was on de street de odder day.

Interlocutor—Broadway, I suppose?

Tambo—Yes, sah. I was suddinly 'costed by a gen'man dat I hed not seen fo' twen'y y'ars.

Interlocutor—Indeed! You knew each other after so long a time?

Tambo—Dat so. Who yo' t'ink de man was, Boss?

Interlocutor—I could not say.

Tambo—Joe Jefferson!

Interlocutor—Joe Jefferson!

Bones (*rising*)—Dat's a whopper! Eb'ryboddy knows dat Joe Jefferson's daid long ago.

Tambo (*rising*)—Who's tellin' dis story?

Interlocutor (*rising*)—Be seated, gentlemen.
(*All seated.*) Go on, Tambo.

Tambo—Gun-barrel.

Interlocutor—Yes.

Tambo—Long, white ha'r an' b'ard.

Interlocutor—Yes.

Tambo—Eb'ry-day clo's.

Interlocutor—Yes, I see; Joe Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

Tambo—Dat's him.

Interlocutor—What did he say to you?

Tambo—Hello, Sebastepool!

Bones—Ha! ha! ha! Dat's good! Sebastepool!

Interlocutor—Never mind him, Tambo. What did he say next?

Tambo—Let's take a drink.

Interlocutor—You went, of course?

Tambo—I did, Boss.

Bones—You bet he did.

Interlocutor—What happened after that?

Tambo—We went inter de fust s'loon an' sot down at de tabul. Joe called fur a schooner, an' so did I. He drank de beer an' began to disappear, like a spook. I made a grab fur him.

Interlocutor—Yes, yes! You made a grab for him——

Tambo—I was up 'gainst it.

Interlocutor—Against it—what?

Tambo—De bed-post.

THE P. O. CANARY.

Extract from a Speech Delivered by Jimmy Farley.

De latest t'ing out, in my 'pinion, in de shape o' boids, is de P. O. canary. In de first place, dis boid is not foun' in eny seed store, or in eny place where dey sell boids fur a livin'. Yer can't fin' any prescripshun of it, neider, in eny of dem high-fangled books on boidology, or eny other 'ology.

The P. O. canary is a cross 'tween a crane an' a carrier-pidgin. A crane, 'cause it has long legs, long wings, a short body, an' makes a bizness of walkin' 'stead of flyin'. A carrier-pidgin, 'cause it carries messages, an' says nuttin' 'bout it. It is 'diff'rent frum most boids, 'cause its crop is under its wing. It has two eyes, a stout beak, an' a mout' under it 'stead of on top. Sometimes it has a top-knot, an' sometimes it don't. It all depends whether it uses Babbitt's soap or cold cream.

De P. O. canary don't build its own nest; it gets some odder boid ter build it for it. It flocks three times a day, an' pairs off ter suit de convenience of odder boids.

De P. O. canary is de best known boid in de city, 'cause he don't many eny mistakes, an' brings ev'ry-body messages. It has a guv'ment boat wid Uncle Sam, an' gets dere in all sorts of weather.

One of de bes' t'ings 'bout de P. O. canary is its song. It always sings 'fore it delivers its message,

an' if yer at de top of de house, or at de bottom, yer supposed to get dare in time, or de canary gets off his perch, an' is gone. Gen'rally, nobody waits w'en it sings, 'cause ev'rybody is lookin' fur it, an' makes a dive to get what b'longs to 'em.

If de shoe fits de boid dat I hev bin talkin' 'bout, I hope dat it will wear it, an' bring many prize packages to de people dat is lookin' fur 'em.

HOW THE DRUMMER ENJOYED HIS FIRST RABBIT.

The landlord of the little country hotel had just opened his doors to his customers, in the early morning, when he was confronted by a large man, bearing a heavy valise. The landlord recognized in the newcomer at once one of his monthly visitors, a drummer from the city of New York.

After a hearty greeting the drummer threw his valise in a chair, and regaled himself at the bar, to his evident satisfaction. He was fat, good-natured, and, like most commercial travelers, brimful of jokes and funny stories. He had visited this section for a number of years, in the interest of a hosiery firm.

The landlord himself was not above cracking a joke, or telling a laughable story, his love for this

species of amusement being so great with him at times that he resorted to jokes of a practical nature, much to the injury of his business.

The weather being extremely cold, and the ground being lightly covered with snow, the conversation finally ceased between the two men rather abruptly, perhaps, on the subject of game in the vicinity, and rabbits in particular. The drummer had manifested such a dislike for the creatures, which he called vermin, that the landlord was somewhat vexed, as he expected to have stewed rabbit that very day for dinner, and his ardor for a tempting dish for his boarder had been exceedingly lessened. It was a relief to him that morning when the burly form of the drummer disappeared through the doorway.

There were a half dozen hungry individuals crowded around the dinner table when the fat drummer came in for his dinner. A savory dish was brought on by the landlady, who was considered one of the finest cooks in the county. All eyes were immediately fixed upon her, and there was an immediate offering of plates for a share of the tempting morsels. The drummer, on being informed that the dish was rabbit stew, turned away in positive disgust. He could not, however, help remarking the manner in which the other boarders enjoyed the dish and looked at the empty platter with pitiful faces. The savory odor from it he also thought was agreeable.

To the evident surprise of all present, the following day a still larger dish of rabbit was brought on,

and, to the still greater surprise of all, the drummer surrendered his plate to be partly filled with the food. He ate very sparingly at first, but soon redoubled his efforts, and in a short time there was not a vestige remaining upon his plate.

He looked wistfully at the remaining portion upon the large platter, and there was a roar of laughter from all when he helped himself to another supply of the stewed rabbit.

At this moment a large gray cat walked leisurely into the room. All eyes were immediately fixed upon it.

"I would not take twenty-five dollars of any man's money for that cat," said the landlord, with a serious expression on his face. "He is not only the largest cat in the county, but by far the best hunter. This rabbit that you are eating to-day for dinner is the second one that he has caught and brought in in two days."

The fat drummer looked at the speaker with vacant eyes and open mouth. Without a word, he rose quickly from the table, and, amidst a volley of merriment, bolted from the room.

The landlord, perhaps, laughed the loudest of all, and by his wink and knowing look they all knew that it was another one of his jokes, and that he was simply, as the saying is, "playing it on the drummer."

PADDY MILES, FROM CORK.

A One-Man Character Sketch.

Cries of "Paddy Miles, from Cork!" without. Enter Mr. Miles. He has a placard pinned on his back, with the words, "Paddy Miles."

Paddy (looking off, and brandishing his stick)— Hoodlums! Gutter-snoipes! Cum on, now! I'll guv yees all the Paddy Miles yees want, wid the weight of me sthick on the broad av yer backs! *(Coming down.)* I'm new landed. Shure, it's glad I am I've left the ould hulk bahind me. I landed at a place thay call Castle Ga'den. Castle Ga'den, is it? Shure, it wuz loike Tim Murphy's thatch in a fog. The robbers! The robbers! Thay wint t'rough me ould box as though it wor their own property.

Not havin' onythin' to do, I wint down to the Bat'ry to hov a luk at the guns an' fortificashuns, but divil a gun or fortificashun 'bout the place at all, at all.

I laid down on a bit av binch ter hov a bit av a slape, whin a purty bye they call a cop wanted ter run me in fur disturbin' the pace. He directed the way wid the ind of his sthick, an' I followed.

In walkin' up the strate I saw a foine-lukin' ginglemon standin' on the carner, wid brass buttons

over him, an' a hat on his hed thot loked loike a sugar skoop.

"The top av the marnin' ter yees," sez I.

"What do yees want?" sez he. "Phwat are yees lukin' fur?"

"I'm lukin' fur Noo Yark," sez I.

"Folly yer nose," sez he.

"I can't, it's toid on," sez I.

"Lave yer thracks," sez he.

"I'll hov yer job on the force," sez I.

Wid thot he kem at me wid his sthick.

"Yer Oirish, I know, but yees can't bate me," sez I.

He wint fur his sthick in a twinklin', an' I wint fur the carner. I hoven't seen the purty bye since.

The next place I saw wuz Broadway, I t'ink they call it. Shure, thay wor foine ladies an' gentlemen. Ev'rybody wuz laughin', an' fur the loife av me I didn't know phwat thay wor laughin' at. Phwat wid the Mr. Miles here, and the Mr. Miles there, an' the hand-shakin's here, an' the hand-shakin's there, it's done up entoirely, so I am.

By and by me oyes began to wather fur the soign I saw on the strate. I pinched me arrum to b'lave me sinsis. By the poker! I wuz in luck at last! "John Miles, millinery!" I wint in at the soide-door. Shure, there wuz anither big soign insoide, on the wall: "John Miles, hats and bonnets, three stories high. Take the elevator." Now, phwat the divil is an elevator? t'inks I. Shure, I niver saw an elevator in my loife. There wuz a broom in

the carner. That must be the elevator, sez I to meself. I tuk hould av it, whin an ould gintleman tuk hould av me.

"Aha! I've caught yees, hov I? It's sthalin' yees are!" sez he, shakin' his fist at me.

"It's not fur the loikes av yees to be chargin' me wid sthalin'! I'm lukin' fur Mr. Miles. Shure, he's a forty-second cousin av moine."

"Take the elevator," sez he, shovin' me inter a little box, an' closin' the dhure afther him, wid himsif insoide. The t'ing began to move, an' I began to squirm; an' the more the thing moved the more I squirmed, till I t'ought my brogues wor playin' tag wid me stummick. Shure, it's glad I wor whin the elevator got to the top.

"Is Mr. Miles at home?" sez I to a gintleman in a little box.

"I'm sorry to say he is not, Mr. Miles," sez he, wid a roar av laughter.

"How did yees know me name wuz Miles?" sez I.

"Yer soign tould me," sez he, wid anither laugh.

"Whin will he be back?" sez I.

"I don't know," sez he. "It all depinds how long the gas houlds out. He has gone on a b'loon ascinsun to Coney Island."

"Is it New Yark gas?" sez I.

"It is," sez he.

"He'll be back all roight. I'll be back in fifteen minits."

With thim words in me mout', I turned away.

"Take the elevator," sez he.

"Not much," sez I. "I've had enuff elevators. I'll be goin' down by the back way."

Wid thot, I made a rush to the ither ind av the sture, wid them all scramin' wid laughter at me. There wuz an illegant pair av iron stairs ladin' down to the bottom, forninst me. I jumped on to thim, an' wuz goin' down all roight, whin wan av the gintlemin grabbed me by the collar.

"Fur God's sake, man! Where are yees goin'? Yer on the foire-eshcape!"

"The foire-eshcape!" yelled I.

"Yis! Quick, fur yer loife!" he screamed.

Wid thot he dragged me out on the flure, from the danger av bein' burned aloive. (*Cries of "Paddy Miles!" without.*) Thim bad byes ag'in. (*Going up.*) Cum insoide an' call me names, yees durty rag'muffins! (*Throws off his coat.*) I'll t'ach yees a thrick wurth two av thot. Well, good-bye ter yees, if yees call that goin'. I t'ought yees would t'ink better av it. (*Picks up his coat, and sees placard pinned on it.*) Shure, an' shure, it's a voile thrick thay're playin' on me, afther all. (*Crushes placard in his hands and throws his coat over his arm.*) I'll away to the boat, an' if I foind the durty spalpeen thot pinned the tag on me back, I'll make him ate the turf my fate hov trod, or me name ain't Paddy Miles, from Cark.

LUNKENHEIMER AND HIS DOG.

My name vos Yuccup Lunkenheimer. I keeps von hot frankfort factory py der sthreet, town here. Yaw, dot vos so. I make dem fur a livin' py my gustomers, und eadt dem fur a livin' py meinseluf.

Ve haf von leetle tog, vot ve call Snyter. He vos sootch a goot leetle feller dot der gals vos al teat in loaf mit him, und call him shweet names, such as dose: honey, sugar blums, und kiss me quicker, und say he look so mootch like him's fadder. Ve loaf him, too, pecause he vos so goot.

He vouldn't harm a mouse, but ven he got madt he vould eadt up a tog ein, swi, dri, swansig dimes so pig as himseluf. He vould schleep at mine pack all der nighd, und chew oop der flies dot boddered me; und ven I vent oudt py der streedt he vould foller so glose py mine heels dot I valk on him. I vould not dake me dwenty-fife tollar of eny man's mooney fur dot tog Snyter.

Vell, poor feller, he vos gone teat von tay. He vos got a pone sthuck fasdt in him's t'roat, dot you couldn't pull him oudt. He vent under ter sthove und kicked himseluf to teth.

Ve hadt hot frankforts shust der same der nexd tay. Ve didn't bury der poor feller; ve hadt him stuffed. Poor, poor Snyter! He vos so goot!

DESERTED.

Half hidden, she stood in the twilight calm,
 Sadly dreaming of days long gone;
For her seared heart earth possessed not a charm
 Or joy that to mortals belong.

Eagerly she strained her gaze o'er the vale,
 Whilst on her pale cheek stood a tear,
And her ashen lips quivered forth the sad tale
 Of one, though inconstant, yet dear.

'Tis fully a year since her heart felt the pang
 That proved to her innocent mind
That love may be fickle, though truthful 'tis sang,
 And lovers prove likewise unkind.

Deserted! How sad and heart-rending the word!
 Yet sadder the object of woe,
And wider and deeper her story is heard,
 Yet never a frown or a blow.

And some will say that her mind is diseased;
 A "foolish young maiden," quoth they.
Yet little she'll reck, if all are displeased,
 If her lover appear on the way.

God pity this maid, and ease her sad heart
 Of the grief and the woe that there abide,
Else over her grave her tombstone impart,
 She loved, she faded, and died.

MEG MERRILIES.

An Adaptation from "Guy Mannering."

Gipsies! Strike not, at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart! Yes, I am Meg Merrilies, queen of the gipsies, witch of the dell! Born to raise the house of Ellen Gowan from its ruins!

They call me mad, but I am not mad. I have been imprisoned for mad, scourged for mad, banished for mad, yet mad—I am not! I do not want your trash, Lucy Mannering. Hence! Get to your home in safety! Who goes there? Halt! and stand fast, or you shall live to curse the hour that a limb of you hangs together. Go and tell Colonel Mannering that if ever he owed a debt to the house of Ellen Gowan, and hopes to see it prosper, to come instantly, armed, and attended, as well, to the glen below the Tower of Dorncleuh. Bid him fail not, on his life. You know the spot. There Abel Sampson blazed my heart this many a day, and there, beneath the willow that hung its garlands over the brook, I sat and sang to Harry Bertram the songs of the old time. That tree is withered now, never to be green again, and old Meg Merrilies will never sing her blythe songs more.

I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own, tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old wall in the glen for her sake, that those who live there may be so good that they

will have no fear of the beings of the other world; for if ever the good come back among the living, I shall be seen in that glen many a night when these crazed bones are whitened in the moldering grave! To your work! Begone!

Now, then, to perform the work of fate. The moment is near at hand when all shall behold

That Bertram's right, and Bertram's might
Meet on Ellen Gowan's height.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

Across the sky
The dark clouds fly,
While from the mighty realms on high
A noise of fear,
Upon the ear,
Gives warning that the storm is near.

The drooping trees
Bend to the breeze,
As though another life did seize;
And down the vale
The vapors sail
Before the gentle, fresh'ning gale.

The summer rain,
O'er mount and plain,
With pattering footsteps comes again;
Drenching like lead
The clover bed,
Driving the cattle in the shed.

The farmer, hale,
With shout and wail,
Dashes his horses down the vale,
Eager to pour
His golden store
In safety on the old barn floor.

The children three,
Beneath the tree,
Shout in gay chorus, merrily:
We do you pray
Now go away,
And come to us some other day.

O'er mazy rift
The dark clouds lift,
Till all the jagged mountain cliff,
In bright array
Of gorgeous day,
In one continuous splendor lay.

So Nature's wile,
With frown and smile,
Her earthly subjects does beguile;

And e'er recall
That God o'er all,
Who noteth e'en the sparrow's fall.

OUR VALIANT DEAD.

Honored the day our nation hath at heart
For mourning to her dead now set apart;
Those valiant sons, who, at our country's call,
Gave up their lives and sacrificed their all,
Battling for the right upon the crimson field,
Till death compelled the fearless heart to yield.
Their cause was ours, and the debt we owe
Our sincere hearts and humble offerings show.
Green be their graves, with floral beauties strown,
Symbols of love, sweet, treasured gifts of home.
Wherever Freedom holds her mighty sway,
Let patriot hearts commemorate the day.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

No matter where our birth may be,
In north or southern clime,
Still recollections fond shall live
In the land of Old Lang Syne.

Fair Scotia's flowery hills and dales,
With Nature's dew-drops bright,
E'er fill our minds with pleasant thoughts,
Our hearts with pure delight.

The hawthorn sweet, the bluebells, too,
The heather of her hills;
The rugged steep, the bonny shades,
Her shining, rushing rills,

Are ever pictures, fresh and fair,
That shine beyond the sea;
'Tis Caledonia's favored land—
The land of poetry.

No marvel that her brawny sons
In strength and valor grew,
And from her tow'ring peaks and vales
Proud inspirations drew.

It tells of Wallace, and of Bruce,
Of royalty and power,
Of royal hosts and clansmen bold,
And she of queenly dower.

It tells of statesmen bold of thought,
With strength of iron will;
Of Nature's bards of high degree,
And one the earth to till.

All hail to thee, fair Scotia's bard!
The world shall know thy worth
When man to man together stand
To honor now thy birth.

POMPEY, THE SLAVE.

When the autumn leaves were falling,
When all Nature seemed forlorn,
Lowly in his little cabin
Pompey stretched his aged form;
Stretched himself upon his pallet,
In the cheerless, dying day,
Waiting patiently the moment
When his life should ebb away.

Bent with age, and very feeble,
Helpless as a child was he,
And his life was full of sadness;
Death alone could set him free.
He had been a faithful servant,
And in bondage nursed his woe,
Whilst the scars upon his shoulders
Told the cruel slaver's blow.

In the cotton-fields of Georgia
He had toiled his years away;
There his kindred all had perished.
None but Pompey saw the day
When the monster, Slavery, vanquished,
And the gallant, martial tread
Of the boys that bore the standard
Crushed to earth the viper's head.

"Ah! 'Tis well dat I remember,"
He exclaimed, with moistened eye,
"When de shackles still were on us,
And was heard de fearful cry
Of de bloodhounds in de meadows,
Chasing down some flyin' form,
'An' de smoke hung in de heabens
Like some awful comin' storm.

"Den we prayed both night an' mornin',
Prayed as ne'er we prayed before,
Dat de wrong t'ings might be righted
And each day would peace restore.
Hark!" he cried, with deep emotion,
Straining every nerve to rise,
"Don't you hear dem in de distance?
Don't you hear dar joyous cries?

"Bress de Lord! De Flag am comin',
See de rockets in de sky!
Hear de drums an' fifes a-goin',
'An' de shouts dat peal on high!
Hallelujah! sing de people,
Hallelujah! for de band,
Hallelujah! for de General
Marchin' through ole Georgia land!

"T'ank de Lord! De Flag am comin'!
De good ol' Flag we long to see!
Hear de muskets an' de cannon—
All de colored people free!

Bress de Lord for all His goodness!
Massa Lincoln, kind an' true!
Bress de Country! Bress de People!
An' de gallant Boys in Blue!"

His voice was choked, he said no more;
His work was almost over,
For closely by his bedside now
The Angel Death did hover.
Suddenly he glanced about him,
And each friendly hand he pressed;
Then, with fervent looks of parting,
Pompey calmly sank to rest.

WALULU AND OLITA.

An Indian Love-Story.

Beside a little mound,
Far in the somber wood,
With shattered crest and plume,
A noble warrior stood.

As stately as the pine,
A melancholy form,
Whose woe was like the calm
That comes before the storm.

A chieftain of the tribe—
Walulu, called by name—
The last of five who died—
Brothers—in battle slain.

He mutters low and sad,
And rends his flowing hair;
He spurns the loamy earth,
And waileth in despair:

Oh, give me back the star
The world has ta'en away!
Olita, star of night,
Sunbeam of the day!

Come with your dulcet voice,
Come with your beaming eye;
Entrance your soul with mine,
Olita, then I die!

I heard a voice of death,
It whispered at the door;
I hear it now, as then:
Olita is no more.

I hear it in my dreams,
I hear it day by day;
I hear it in the rills
That down the mountains play.

I see her at the tryst,
She whispers love to me;
I see her on the lake,
She waves her hand to me.

I hear her fawn-like steps
Among the fallen leaves;
I start, as though in fear—
Walulu scarcely breathes.

'Twas nothing but the wind,
A sigh among the trees,
A spirit of the mind
That seemed my blood to freeze.

Dark is the forest nook,
And low the branches lave;
And slender plants that bend,
That kiss Olita's grave!

Within the misty vale
The white man rears his home,
And through the trackless woods
The pale-face hunters roam.

The panther screams no more,
The bear and wolf have fled,
The moose and elk are gone,
The Redman's hope is dead.

His council-fires are out,
Deserted at the dawn.
Toward the setting sun
My people all are gone.

I hear their mournful dirge;
They beckon from afar,
Deep in the tangled wood,
Like phantom forms of war.

Why stay I here so long?
Why linger near this spot?
Why chant my mournful strain?
Olita hears me not!

A noise rings in my ear,
My heart ne'er gave it place:
The white man's shout of joy—
The death-knell of my race!

With bold, defiant look
He plunged into the wood;
Like frightened deer he sped,
Till 'mong his braves he stood.

The conflict waged that day,
A hundred strewed the vale,
And one, a chieftain, fell.
Oh, mark yon bloody trail!

He dragged his wounded limbs
From off the sanguine field,
Upon his wild love's grave
His ebbing life to yield.

There, in the early morn,
Upon an Indian mound,
Flung fearlessly in death,
Walulu's form was found.

The warrior and the maid
Sleep calmly, side by side,
His life a sacrifice;
For love Walulu died.

THE THREE LITTLE MADCAPS.

'A Hallowe'en Selection.

Three little madcaps, one dark, stormy night,
Through the lone byways took their runaway flight.
They stopped not for walls, brooks, fences, or stones,
But over them all they rattled their bones.
Far down the steep hill the voices rang out,
Of the grim little bogies, now hustling about:
The prattle of Wine, the clatter of Glee,
And the horrible laugh of Revelry.

Down by the sheds and mud-holes they fly,
Till Old Penny Bridge the young rascals spy.
"Aha!" yelled they all, in their fiendish delight,
"Here's a chance for some fun on this gruesome old
night!"
To the windlass they flew, and turned with a will.
It swayed and it splashed, like a huge water-mill.
Like grim fiends they danced, and tugged at the
draw,
Till the dark, yawning chasm before them they saw.

Now huddled together, in silence they lay
Till slow, tottering footsteps stumbled over the way.
Through the dark night came a wretched old crone,
Shrieking her wrongs and heart-sorrows alone.
"Oho!" cried they all, "we're glad that she came.
There's no better place for this wretched old dame."
They seized her, and whirled her, with horrible din,
And, despite her wild cries, they soused her in.

Next came a drunkard, with staggering gait,
Who even the stones did soundly berate.
"By the shades!" they all yelled, "'tis a wretched
old wight!
We'll give him a lesson for going home tight!"
His struggles were useless, for, three against one,
They lit on his head with the weight of a ton—
In the water he shunned—"Perhaps he can swim,
But whether or not, may the devil take him!"

The bridgeman, who lived just at the wayside,
Appeared with his cudgel, the brawlers to chide.
He came with a bound, fell in, with a groan,
And went to the bottom with the weight of a stone.
As he scrambles out at the side of the wall,
These distant shouts on his ear-drums fall:
The clatter of Wine, the prattle of Glee,
And the horrible laugh of Revelry!

THE POOR WORKINGMAN.

In a cot on the hillside, where the battered old door
Invites the chill winds from o'er the ice-covered
moor,

And wild, whirling snow-blasts, sweeping upward
and on,

'Neath the low-hanging roof sing their lullaby song.

'Tis lone, mean, and wretched, yet rich in its way,

For, bright as a palace, gleams its light of the day;

And dear to his heart-strings as life's fitful span,

Is the cot of the toiler, the poor workingman.

From the frowns of the world, its turmoil and din,
At the close of the day he finds comfort within.

There, safe from the storm, with plenty in store

By the sweat of his brow, drives the wolf from his
door.

Though his form may be shrunken, and grimed with
the clod,

With precepts of wisdom he stands upright with
God,

With peace and contentment looking upward to
scan

The home that's provided the poor workingman.

With the false and pretentious of life, and their
glare,

He builds not his castle to dwell in the air,

But with blows, hard and sound, from morning till
night,

In the broad field of labor finds his task a delight.
From the rich hall of splendor, where luxury dwells,
And the wealth of the world like a tidal-wave wells,
Sad hearts shall grow heavy, and sigh as they scan
The full dinner-pail of the poor workingman.

To him, what are riches, that fade as they gleam
In the depth of the darkness of life's running
stream?

A wealth, to him greater than millions allow—
The affection of kindred—encircles him now.
The prince in his palace, the king on his throne,
Might seek, from his thralldom, his fortune to own;
And thousands, bed-ridden, with visages wan,
Might envy the blessings of the poor workingman!

JIMMY FARLEY AND HIS TYPEWRITER.

Dare is no kind of machine dat will respond to yer ideas as well as de typewriter. In my opinion, it don't make much diff'rence wot kind of a machine yer get, as long as yer get one. Dey are all good. De bad workman always complains of his tools. It's de simplest machine to manipulate, 'cause yer have only to touch de button, an' de job is done

quicker'n a flash of 'lectricity. It is so easy, after yer have got de practice, dat yer can write a bizness letter and bet on a horse race at de same time. I don't tell it fer de truth, 'cause I got it frum one of de boys dat was not a member of de club, an' I don't know nuttin' 'bout his verasity. •He said dat he knew a feller dat run de machine so much dat you c'u'd see a keyboard in his face w'en yer looked at him. He was so far gone on de bizness dat he used to take it to bed wid him to make de records of his dreams.

De reason dat people don't make good typewriters is 'cause dey won't take de trubble to find out de workin's of it. In odder words, dey won't practice. If yer a beginner, begin at de beginnin' by gettin' someone who knows how to give you de fundemental princ'ples, then go ahead, and you will soon be able to tickle de buttons to yer satisfaction. Some of de most prev'lent mistakes on de machine are carelessness, too healthy dinners, mixing yer drinks, cleaning an' oilin' de machine, pressing de keys where you ought to be clipping dem, forgettin' de capitals an' de spaces, running too fur ahead of de machine wid yer thoughts, clipping de keys w'en de bell has called yer down, an' oder t'ings too numerous to menshun.

My 'pinion, publicly expressed, is, dat ninety-nine times out of a hundred I am in favor of de typewriter. De bizness man dat writes his letters by hand, 'stead of typewritin' dem, is only givin' away his bizness. It helps de man dat ain't a bizness

man, too. He will find out, w'en he gits old 'nuff, dat de only way to get behind de man who says I am his representative, is to drop in a typewritten letter fixed up in de right shape.

De only t'ing dat worries me 'bout de machine is dat it says I. O. U. too much for de instalment house where I got it.

HOW MCPHERSON O'FLAHERTY JOINED THE LODGE.

My name is Felix McPherson O'Flaherty. Oi'm a mon av all conthries. Me faither wuz an Oirishmon from Dublin, an' me mither a Scotchwoman from the north of Scotland. Oi wuz borrn on boord av an English vissel, in Spanish wathers, wid a Frinch captain. Me mither wanted me to talk Scotch, but me faither bate it out av me wid a sthick. Oi hov uncles an' ants in England, Oireland, Scotland, an' cousins by the score in Amerikay an' Canada.

Oi follied the say fur a livin', an' whin Oi landed in Amerikay, shure the say follied me, an' Oi wuz glad to get out av it.

Oi j'ined the lodge the ither noight, the Independint Min av Amerikay. It wuzn't so independint fur me, as Oi found out.

The goat wuz a foine feller, an' got in his work on me fur the furst toime.

The byes shook han's wid me all roun', an' Oi felt loike a foightin' cock wid his furst spurs. Wan av the byes axed me, in a whisper, how Oi loiked it. "Oho!" sez Oi, pullin' down the corner av me eye. "Hist! Don't say a wurd! It's all in me eye, an' Betty Martin."

The wurst av the t'ing wuz the ice-crame. It wanted cookin'. It was stiff as a poker.

The cigars w'udn't go roun'; they were two fur foive.

Oi wuz dyin' fur a shmoke, so Oi wint down to the strate. There wuz a feller, shmokin' a seegar, near the dhure.

"Gud avenin'," sez Oi. "Thot's a purty clane seegar yees hov got."

"Yer roight," sez he.

"Is it a Dimmycrat seegar?" axed Oi.

"Av coorse," sez he, wid a knowin' luk in his eye.

"Shure," sez Oi, "Oi loike the shmell av it. Where did yees get it?"

"At the furst shop b'low," sez he. "Inquire av the mon at the dhure."

Wid thot I wint down the strate. There wuz wan av thim red divils sthandin' on a bit av a box, so hoigh, forninst the dhure. Shure, it's an illigint gintlemon he wuz, wid his painted face, his long, black hair, an' his foine clothes. By me troth, it wor an illegint bunch av seegars he had in his han', to be on the strate wid.

"Is this the seegar sthore?" sez Oi.

Divil a wurd did he say, at all, at all. He wor grinnin' at me.

"It's bad manners yees hov, sor. Will yees be afther tellin' me if this is the seegar sthore?"

He didn't spake, but I t'ought the red divil blinked at me. The blood av ould Oireland wor rampant in me veins as I made a grab at the bundle av seegars in his han'. By me soul! it wor a joke on me by the man at the ither dhure. They wor glued on.

Oi didn't get the seegar. Whin Oi got back to the lodge-room the byes wanted me to take anither dagree. "Oh, no, not to-night, me hearties!" sez Oi. "It's a dagree too much."

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

I was born in Philadelphia,
That seat of Quaker lore,
In the year of forty-seven,
Before the Civil War.
'Twas there I got my learning,
Whate'er got in my pate.
I've never found a country yet
Like good old Keystone State.

I have sailed the broad Atlantic,
Where chops the Carib Sea;
Have gazed on sunny isles that skirt
The lands of liberty.

I have crossed the mild Pacific,
Passed through the Golden Gate,
Yet never seen a land so fair
As good old Keystone State.

I have crossed the rugged border
Of my proud native land,
Have stood among the ranges
Where gleams the golden sand;
In western lands, and sunny slope,
Where grows the palm and date,
But none to me that seemed so fair
As good old Keystone State.

On stern New England's rocky shore,
That home of industry,
Where gates of learning stand ajar
To welcome in the free;
My weary footsteps lingered there,
'Twas there I found my mate,
Yet never home, it seemed to me,
Like good old Keystone State.

And now my journey's at an end,
My rambling story told;
Upon those pictures of the past
The dingy curtain rolled.

Yet, gleams of home through shadows, show
To me my earthly fate:
Beneath the sod my feet have trod
In good old Keystone State!

SCENE FROM "OUR NAN."

*From the Play of that Name, by Rodolphe
Hutchinson.*

Scene I, Act III—An elegant parlor at the Capitol. Delmar and Our Nan discovered. Delmar seated in arm-chair.

Delmar—Come here, Nan, and bring your foot-stool. I have something to say to you. (*Nan brings foot-stool, and sits beside him.*) Several times you have expressed a desire to know something more of the father you have found, and, in justice to you, I feel that you should know all. I will be as brief as possible, and not weary you.

Nan—I never get tired of hearing you talk, pa. My mother, too—is she living?

Delmar—I cannot utter the word.

Nan—Dead! Then I shall never see her in this world!

Delmar—Not in this world, my child. She was

pure and good. Some day, if you are like her, you may behold her.

Nan—Where?

Delmar—In that haven of eternal bliss above.

Nan—Well, I will try and be good, for yours and mother's sake. How old was I when she died?

Delmar—An infant, scarcely six months old. I was a clerk in a large wholesale house in New York. By hard work I had amassed the sum of two thousand dollars, which sum was in one of the savings banks of the city. Your mother's death almost killed me. I sought a change. My desire was to try my luck in the great West. But how? I could not take the babe with me. Vainly I endeavored to locate someone or place in the great city to entrust it. At length the old farm-house at Plunkett's Four Corners flashed upon my mind. It was a resolve well taken, for I thought that the child, once there, would be well cared for.

Nan—My mother's home?

Delmar—Yes. I secured the money at the bank, and placed one-half of it in the basket with the child, and sped out into the wintry night. In a few hours I was at my destination. The snow was falling fast. Away I sped, over the country road I knew so well, till a flickering light at the old farm-house told me that my journey was at an end. Beside the door, in a spot sheltered from wind and snow, I placed the sleeping babe. Then back again, just as the streaks of dawn rushed over the sky. 'Twas done! I was alone!

Nan—Not alone, pa. God watches over all.

Delmar—Bless you! (*She turns away and looks downcast.*) What are you thinking about?

Nan—I was thinking it was cruel to leave me in that way—a helpless babe. If you had only made your wants known to Uncle, I am sure——

Delmar—Ah, Nan! You don't know! I was a despised man, though Penelope clung to me despite her brothers' and sisters' remonstrances. We were wed against their wishes. We departed. She never looked upon them more. They were unjust, and God knows I never gave them cause for their abuse. I bore no malice, as the sequel has proved. You will realize now that there was an excuse for my conduct, for I felt that if I should make my wants known to the family I should be refused.

Nan—I am sorry I mentioned it now. I could not control my feelings.

Delmar—Let it pass! There is nothing of it now, Nan. To continue my story: The early morning train landed me in New York. Ere nightfall of that day I was many miles on my journey to labor in the mines. Fortune seemed against me. I struggled in vain. I suffered untold hardships. Finally I prospered—struck a rich vein at last. You understand, Nan—gold, and lots of it, in the bed-rock. Wealth flowed in upon me, for the Red Gulch was a wonder. I had “made my pile,” as the miners call it, when an irresistible longing for the States induced me to sell out, which I did, for three million

dollars, in government bonds and hard cash, which I deposited in Denver banks.

Nan—Three millions! That's more than a barrelful of money!

Delmar—Yes. I came to the States, sought the old farm-house at the Four Corners, and engaged with Mr. Plunkett as a farm laborer.

Nan—Wasn't it funny? And to think you were my father all the time, and I didn't know it! Why didn't you make yourself known at once?

Delmar—Well, for two or three reasons hardly worth mentioning. I wanted to be near you—to advise and protect you—to know your real character—to know that you would be worthy of the splendid home that was to be yours. Besides, this place, which the country people dubbed the Capitol, was built for me under contract, and I did not want to capture my pretty bird until the cage was ready to receive her. You understand now why I went about as John, the laborer?

Nan—Indeed I do! You know best, and I have learned to trust you.

Delmar—Thank you, my child.

Nan—You mentioned the Red Gulch Mine. I've heard Tony speak of the same place.

Delmar—Yes. He was there with me in my poverty.

Nan—He said he nursed you when you had the fever.

Delmar—Yes, that is true.

Nan—That your secret was revealed to him in your fits of delirium.

Delmar (starting to his feet)—Ha! I see it all! Thus he gained my secret, disappeared, post-haste, came here, and sought you! You, once his wife, he would be able to dictate his own terms, for well he knew my wealth, the rascal! He was more designing and dangerous than I thought.

Nan—He was a relative——

Delmar—Nothing of the sort, Nan! A scapegoat and a scoundrel! The son of a noted New York gentleman, who educated him for one of the learned professions; who died ruined and broken-hearted on account of the misdeeds of his son. He was known and hated among the miners under the name of Slippery Jim!

Nan—Ha! ha! What will Uncle Is say when he knows that?

Delmar (firmly)—Let his name rest in oblivion! There, Nan, I have told you all. This has been rather an eventful day. I am tired. I believe I will lie down for a few minutes' rest. (*Going.*)

Nan—One more question before you go!

Delmar—Well?

Nan—I was thinking about my mother, how she would have enjoyed it with us. What's the matter! Are you ill!

Delmar—No. 'Tis nothing—only a little dizzy, that is all.

Nan—Tell me! Did she look anything like your little Nan?

Delmar—The very image of yourself. (*Takes out book from his breast pocket.*) There is a miniature picture of your mother in this book. She gave it to me on her dying-bed. You shall judge for yourself. (*Opens book. A bullet drops upon the stage.*)

Nan (picking up bullet)—A leaden bullet!

Delmar (amazed and trembling)—A pistol bullet! The book was here—next my heart. (*Running over leaves, and showing the pages perforated. The book falls from his hand, and he sinks back in the chair.*) Great heavens!

Nan (picking up the book)—My mother's Bible!

THE END.

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